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"Correct," said the Sphinx. "Will it be worn with curls, or without?"

"You give the answer out of your own mouth," said Raymond. "With curls or without."

"Correct," said the Sphinx. "And what will be the atmosphere of the Cube Cut?"

"You find the answer in your own reputation," said Raymond. "Mysterious."

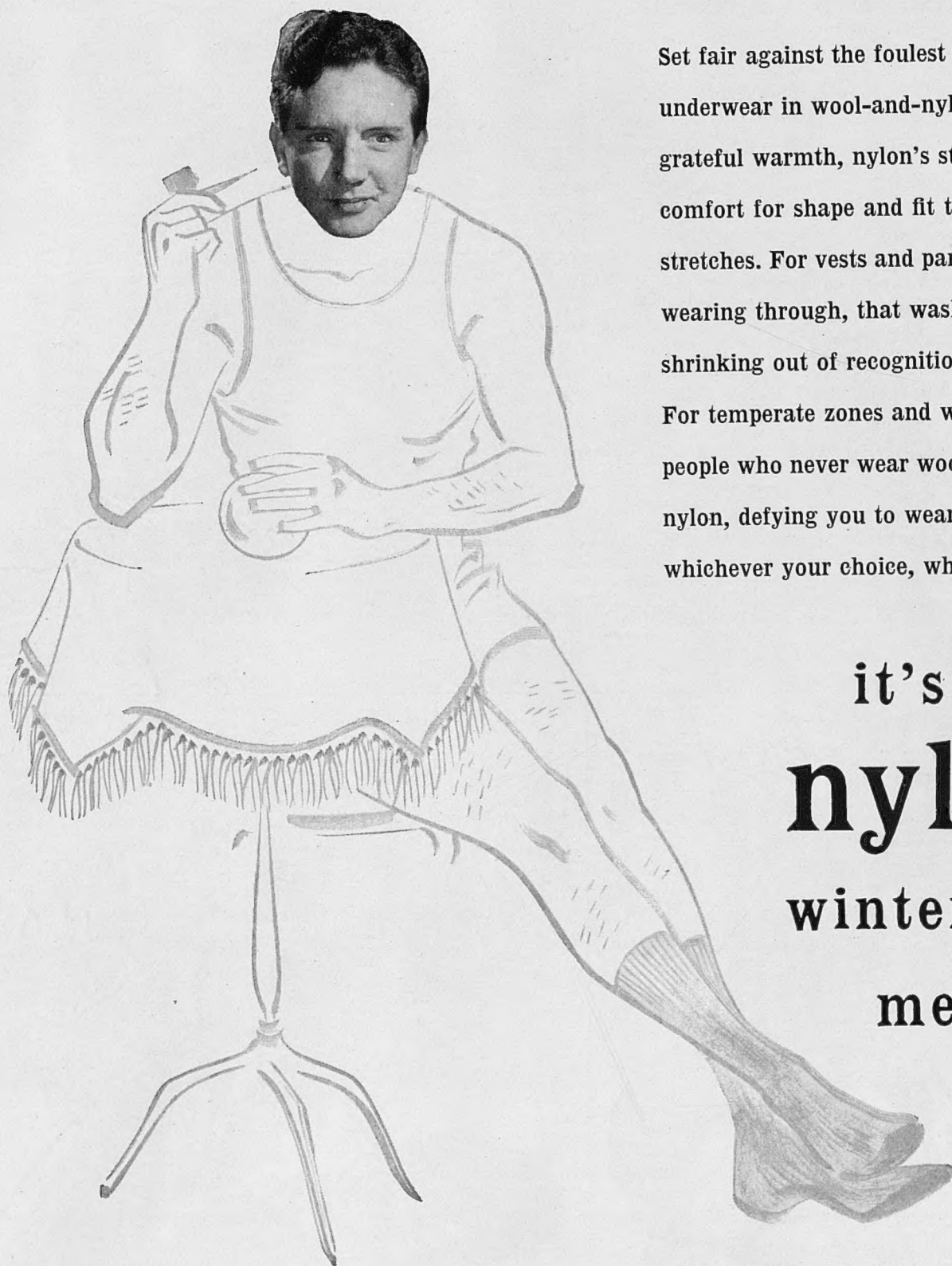
"Correct," said the Sphinx, admiringly.

"*Comme toujours*," said Raymond, modestly.

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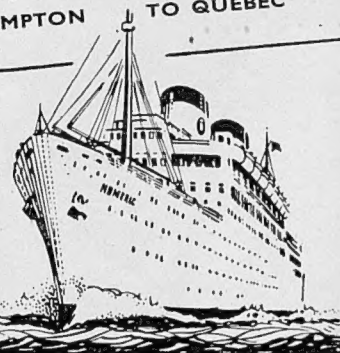
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The Royal Ambassadors

ACCOMPANIED by Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother, Princess Margaret waved gaily to the crowds as she left for London Airport and the start of her West Indian tour. The Princess takes with her the affection and goodwill of all people in this country, who wish her well on this, the first Commonwealth tour which she has undertaken alone. She is a Royal envoy whose charm and intelligence will always be assured of success



Betty Swache

LADY GLORIA is the wife of Mr. Roland Flower, whom she married in 1952. With her is her son Philip, who will be two in March. Lady Gloria is a daughter of the Earl of Lisburne, and in looks takes after her mother, the late Lady Lisburne. Mr. and Lady Gloria Flower have a rare and fine collection of antique china at their home in Chelsea Square. Lady Gloria is seated in front of an early eighteenth-century Dutch walnut cabinet in which are part of a collection of Dresden parrots

*Lady Gloria Flower, her
son Philip and their Corgi in
A Chelsea drawing-room*

PORTRAIT IN THE CLASSIC STYLE

MRS. FORBES COCKELL, who is the subject of this charming portrait by Mr. Raymond Skipp, is the wife of Mr. Seton Forbes Cockell, and the daughter of Capt. Robert Redfern, D.F.C., and Dr. E. Redfern, of Harrogate. The Forbes Cockells live at Rivermead Court, Hurlingham, and have two children. The portrait was exhibited at this season's Royal Society of Portrait Painters exhibition



Social Journal

Jennifer

A GLITTERING PREMIÈRE

H.R.H. the Duchess of Gloucester, looking charming in a long black velvet dress with a tartan sash at the waist and several rows of pearls and emeralds round her neck, attended the world première of *The Colditz Story* at the Gaumont Theatre, Haymarket. The Duchess came up to her seat in the front row of the circle accompanied by Lord De L'Isle and Dudley, Lady Bowhill and Air Chief Marshal Sir Frederick Bowhill, who sat on her left. On her right sat Mr. Rex Vaughan, Q.C., chairman of the Executive Committee of the R.A.F. Association.

Other personalities there connected with the R.A.F. and the air included the Hon. George Ward, Under-Secretary of State for Air, Air Chief Marshal Sir Ronald Ivelaw-Chapman, Deputy Chief of Air Staff, with Lady Ivelaw-Chapman—he was a prisoner during the war—

Air Chief Marshal Sir Christopher Courtney, who was telling friends that his wife is now convalescing after her recent illness, Sir James Barnes, the Permanent Under-Secretary of State at the Air Ministry, with Lady Barnes, Air Marshal Sir Harold and Lady Lydford, Air Chief Marshal Sir John Baker, and Air Chief Marshal Sir Francis and Lady Fogarty, who sat in the front row of the circle near Dame Katherine Trefusis Forbes, Director of the W.A.A.F. during the war.

The Colditz Story, brilliantly produced by Mr. Ivan Foxwell, and directed by Mr. Guy Hamilton, has dialogue by the Hon. William Douglas-Home, author of several good plays, who was there with his pretty wife. John Mills and Eric Portman play the leading rôles in this very exciting and stirring film which portrays the continual struggle to escape by officers of all the Allied nations imprisoned in Colditz Castle, Saxony, during the war.

John Mills was at the première with his wife, and they had Prince Alexander of Yugoslavia with them. The Prince marries Princess Maria Pia of Savoy in Lisbon next Saturday. The Marquess and Marchioness of Carisbrooke were there, also Lady Edith Foxwell, looking radiant in a champagne satin full-skirted ball gown with a gentian blue taffeta stole, and their young daughter Zia, who looked sweet in red taffeta.

OTHERS at this glamorous world première, at which flashlights were very busy in the foyer, included the Marquess and Marchioness of Douro, Lord and Lady George Scott, the latter wearing a brilliant red taffeta stole with her evening dress, Lady Alexandra Metcalfe, who like many others I saw congratulating Mr. Ivan Foxwell after the show, Earl and Countess Beatty, Lord Aberdare, the Hon.

[Continued overleaf]

Continuing The Social Journal

Former ambassador's
cocktail party

Neville and Mrs. Berry, Mr. and Mrs. Gerald Legge, Viscount and Viscountess Kilmuir, Sir Evelyn Delves Broughton, and the Spanish Ambassador.

Mr. Anthony Nutting, the Minister of State, and Mrs. Nutting, Lady Handley Page and her daughter Mary, and Sir Arthur Jarratt and Lady Mountain escorted by her elder son Denis, were also there.

★ ★ ★

LORD and Lady Harvey of Tasburgh gave a most enjoyable small cocktail party at their delightful flat in Parkside, overlooking Hyde Park, which is now their permanent home. Lady Harvey, who has excellent taste, has planned the décor delightfully and many of the pictures and other pieces they had in the British Embassy in Paris during Lord Harvey's term of office, have been fitted perfectly into these new surroundings. The host was unfortunately laid up with a bad cold on the night of the party, but Lady Harvey, looking very elegant and gracious in black, had her two sons there to help look after their friends.

Her elder son, the Hon. John Harvey, who is an unusually talented sculptor, has just completed a head of Lady Grantley, a recent bride.

Among the guests at this party I met Viscountess Waverley, looking charming in a black velvet evening dress, on her way to dine at the Mansion House. She was talking to M. and Mme. Lebel. Nearby, Sir Guy and Lady Salisbury-Jones were in conversation with Miss Jane Mather who has been over here from Canada for the past eighteen months. Her father is president of Canadian Pacific Railways. Brigadier Fitzroy Maclean was talking to a group of friends including Countess Jellicoe and Betty, Lady Glanusk. I also met Lord and Lady Dunboyne who arrived some time after the party had started, as Lord Dunboyne, who is a barrister, had been engaged in a case that kept him sitting late in court.

IN spite of the Court's return to Buckingham Palace, and the visit of Commonwealth Prime Ministers for their conference in London, which have both meant a certain amount of official entertaining, the town has seemed very empty during the past couple of weeks.

One of the reasons is that so many people have, like Princess Margaret, gone abroad, some on combined business and pleasure trips, others in search of sunshine.

Among those who have left for sunnier climes are several young girls, including Lady Rosemary Mackay, a débutante last year, who has gone to India with her half-brother the Earl of Inchcape.

Others include Miss Fleur Mountain, en route to South Africa with her father, Sir Brian Mountain, the Hon. Joanna Rodd who has left for Australia with her father Lord Rennell, and Lady Malvina Murray, a traveller to Jamaica with her parents the Earl and Countess of Mansfield who have built an enchanting house on the beautiful north coast of the island, where Lord Mansfield also farms successfully. They went out by sea this year on the French ship Antilles, whose other passengers included the Marquess of Northamp-



MARGARET, COUNTESS OF BIRKENHEAD held a highly successful private view of her delightful flower paintings at the Trafford Gallery, many of which had already been sold. Above is the artist discussing one of her pictures with Mrs. Peter Thorneycroft



Mrs. Vyvyan Holland was talking to the Countess of Birkenhead, who is a sister of Viscount Camrose. There were thirty flower paintings on show at the exhibition



Lady Pamela Berry, daughter of Margaret, Countess of Birkenhead, and wife of Viscount Camrose's brother, the Hon. Michael Berry, was listening to Mr. Peter Dakers

OPERATIC ALLEGORY AT COVENT GARDEN

"THE Midsummer Marriage," of which both music and libretto were by Michael Tippett, is the composer's first opera, and has been widely acclaimed for the quality and originality of its music



The Earl and Countess of Harewood were congratulating Michael Tippett on this new work, which received a great ovation from the audience



Miss Beryl Grey, a Sadler's Wells ballerina, Mr. Richard Buckle, the authority on ballet, and Mr. Anthony Hobson



Left: Miss Veldes Charrington and Mr. Ian Graham were discussing the performance. The theme of the libretto has been likened to that of "The Magic Flute"

Right: Miss Gerd Larsen, Sadler's Wells ballerina, was having supper on the stairs in the company of Mr. Philip O'Brien, a member of the U.S. Embassy



Clayton Evans

ton, who has a charming house in Bermuda as well as property in Jamaica, Mr. and Mrs. Antony Norman, Lord and Lady Monson, and Mr. and Mrs. Everard Gates who were all going to stay in their delightful homes on the new Roundhill estate at Montego Bay widely celebrated for its beauty.

LADY MONSON, gay and amusing, is an American by birth, and is bringing out her only daughter the Hon. Sandra Monson this season. She is giving a coming-out dance for her at the Dorchester Hotel on September 28. This will be a joint celebration for, as midnight strikes, their son, the Hon. Jeremy Monson, will begin his twenty-first birthday.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Barford and Viscount and Viscountess Wimborne have also gone out to Jamaica. The Earl and Countess of Airlic, accompanied by their youngest son, the Hon.

James Ogilvy, sailed for America in the Cunarder Britannic which went via Bermuda. Also on this ship, which has now gone on a dollar-earning cruise of the Mediterranean from New York, were Lady Savile, who was on her way to visit her son-in-law and daughter, Lt.-Col. and the Hon. Mrs. Kent Parrot in Washington, Lord and Lady Allerton, Lady Abertay, Capt. and Mrs. Cecil Boyd-Rochfort, going to stay with friends in Florida, and Mr. and Mrs. Stanhope Joel, who disembarked at Bermuda to spend a few weeks at their lovely home Perots Island, before they go on to their other home at Ocho Rios in Jamaica.

SIR HAROLD and Lady Zia Wernher have also gone for their annual visit to Bermuda where Sir Harold owns quite a lot of property, but instead of sailing in the Britannic direct, they went via New York in the Cunard liner Queen Mary.

Their fellow passengers on this fine ship included the Earl of Dudley, going on a business trip, the Earl of Carnarvon who I heard was going on to Florida and the Caribbean, his sister Lady Evelyn Beauchamp and Sir Brograve Beauchamp, Lord and Lady Ennisdale on their way to stay with friends in Nassau, Major and Mrs. Victor Seely, on a business trip to Canada as well as America, and Sir Michael Duff.

THE Countess of Midleton and Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Mackle are among those who have gone on a cruise to South America in the Andes. The Hon. John Coventry and his wife, Lt.-Col. Sir Albert and Lady Stern, Caroline Viscountess Bridgeman and Lady Suffield have all gone out to South African sunshine in the Athlone Castle and Durban

[Continued overleaf]



The Marchioness of Douro, wife of the Duke of Wellington's son and heir, Mrs. Joan Ward and the Spanish Ambassador, the Duke of Primo de Rivera



Lady Edith Foxwell, who is a granddaughter of the ninth Earl of Cavan, her husband, Mr. Ivan Foxwell, who produced the film, and Prince Alexander of Yugoslavia

Continuing The Social Journal

A marathon motor tour to the Middle East

Castle, while the Edinburgh Castle, bound for the same destination a little later, also carried a full complement of passengers including Lord Belper whom I saw lunching with Lady Belper at Claridge's just before he sailed, Sir Thomas and Lady Sopwith, Sir Leonard and Lady Lord and Sir Frederick and Lady Godber.

The Duke and Duchess of Argyll, the latter recovering from a sinus operation, have not gone quite so far. They left early in the New Year to spend two months in North Africa and they will be back at the end of this month.

★ ★ ★

SOMEONE we all wish a speedy recovery to full health—for he has taxed it seriously in recent years in successfully handling industrial disputes—is the Minister of Labour, Sir Walter Monckton, who on doctor's orders is having two months' rest. With Lady Monckton he went first to Sicily to find some sunshine. Two other travellers I have heard of recently are the eldest son of Lord Howard of Glossop and Baroness Beaumont, Lt.-Col. the Hon. Miles Fitzalan-Howard, and his wife, who are motoring out through France, Italy, Yugoslavia, Greece, Turkey, Palestine and various other countries, to arrive at Port Said at the beginning of next month. On arrival Lt.-Col. Fitzalan-Howard will take over command of the Grenadier Guards battalion stationed out there. For the past two or three years he and his wife and their three little daughters have been stationed in Germany where I met them, looking very fit, last summer.

★ ★ ★

FOR all those who like flower pictures (and most people do) there is a delightful exhibition of this type of painting being shown at the Trafford Gallery in Mount Street until February 26. They are the work of Margaret, Countess of Birkenhead, who is very

talented but has only recently taken to this type of work. Her pictures are really enchanting. I looked in for half an hour on the opening afternoon and found that within a very short time more than half had been sold. This is Margaret, Lady Birkenhead's first exhibition, and all but ten of the pictures shown had, she told me, been painted since last June.

To me her flowers looked unusually alive and natural. Perhaps that was because so many of them had been grown in her Oxfordshire garden, and had been painted when they were blooming at their best. They also include such less frequently painted flowers as single white peonies, clematis and salpiglossis: Mrs. Ernest Raphael told me with great delight that she had just purchased this last picture.

As one enters there is a charming picture of "White Iris" which Christabel Lady Aberconway, whose late husband was such a knowledgeable horticulturist, has bought. She was among the visitors to the exhibition that afternoon, and others there included Lady Churchill, Mr. Jim Thomas, the First Lord of the Admiralty, Lady Dorothea Head, Viscountess Camrose, who incidentally had sent Margaret, Lady Birkenhead, some of the flowers portrayed, Mr. Cecil Beaton, Lady Juliet Duff, the artist's daughter-in-law, Viscountess Birkenhead, Lady Sherwood, Viscountess Waverley, and Mrs. Peter Thorneycroft, talking to the Hon. Michael and Lady Pamela Berry. The latter who was helping her mother to greet the enthusiastic guests, has since been extremely busy as chairman of the Incorporated Society of London Fashion Designers who have recently been showing their collections for one week in London.

★ ★ ★

At a small cocktail party which Sir Simon and Lady Marks gave in their lovely Grosvenor Square flat, I met her god-daughter Miss Mardie Madden, who is a débutante this year. She came with her parents, Mr. Cecil Madden, who is Assistant Controller of B.B.C. television programmes, and Mrs. Madden who is presenting her next month. Mardie, who is an attractive girl, has already started studying stage décor which, after she has enjoyed her first season, she wants to make her career. Her mother is

giving a big "young people's" cocktail party in London in May and on July 23 a dance for her jointly with Mrs. Alan Routh, whose daughter Anne was also at the party. It will be at Mrs. Routh's house, Knowle Lodge, near Winchester.

Another young guest at this party was Dr. Roger Bannister whom I found quiet and unassuming with great charm, and not at all spoilt by his magnificent achievements last year. Now his career in medicine is to come first and he has retired from serious athletics. Other guests included Sir Edward and Lady Baron who were talking to Mr. and Mrs. Charles Maydwell, Mr. and Mrs. Hubert Raphael who brought her son, Mr. Graham Turner Laing, Vicomte d'Orthez, Capt. and Mrs. Jack Dennis, Earl Beatty and Mr. and Mrs. Toby Waddington.

★ ★ ★

THE world première of *The Midsummer Marriage*, an opera in three acts by Michael Tippett, was quite an event in the musical world, and the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden, was packed for the occasion. In the Royal Box Viscount and Viscountess Waverley had a party of music-lovers including Mrs. Selwyn Lloyd, Mrs. Walter Elliot, Sir Malcolm Bullock and Mr. Cecil Beaton. Also in the audience that evening were the Earl and Countess of Harewood, Dame Ninette de Valois, Lady Dashwood, Lady Keynes, Mr. and Mrs. Humphrey Brooke, composers Sir William Walton and Mr. Lennox Berkeley with their wives, also Lady (Charlotte) Bonham-Carter, who like many others enjoyed the reception and buffet supper in the crush bar afterwards. Here the topic of conversation was, of course, the new opera, which is in every way extremely modern.

★ ★ ★

As chairman of the Victoria League Ball, Lady Price presided at the first committee meeting which was held in the drawing-room of her lovely London home, Wilbraham House. The Ball is to take place at the Dorchester Hotel on July 5 and promises to be a brilliant affair. The prizes for the raffle include a television set. The



Sir Arthur Jarratt, Deputy Chairman and Managing Director of British Lion Films, with Miss Kay Kendall, the film actress

Victoria League, which has a very live Young Contingent, looks after students from the Commonwealth while they are over here, sees they are not lost or lonely, and arranges that they enjoy hospitality in typical British homes. Admiral Sir Cecil Harcourt, the present chairman of the League, spoke at the meeting, also Lady Worsley, a former chairman who has the work of the League very near her heart.

It was a splendid meeting and 200 of the tickets, which are limited to 600, were already sold by the end of the afternoon. Mary, Duchess of Roxburghe, was there, also Lady Bird, Lady Illingworth who is lending her house in Grosvenor Square for the next meeting, Lady Curtis-Bennett and Mrs. Charles Norton. Tickets may be obtained from Lady Price at the Victoria League Headquarters, 38 Chesham Place, S.W.1.

★ ★ ★

LADY CYNTHIA COLVILLE is chairman and the Dowager Viscountess Chaplin vice-chairman of the October Ball, to be held at the Chelsea Town Hall on February 17, to aid the funds for the Chelsea Central Clubs. Tickets for the ball from the Hon. Secretary, Miss Brooks, 43 Wynnstey Gardens, W.8.

★ ★ ★

THE England Ball, to raise funds for the Council for the Preservation of Rural England, is to be held at Grosvenor House on May 17. The committee, headed by the Dowager Viscountess Galway as president, the Countess of Halifax as vice-president and Mrs. G. Langley-Taylor as chairman, hope to beat last year's record clear profit from the ball of £1,000. Once again there will be a first-class cabaret, a tombola and lucky programmes. Tickets for the ball may be had from Mrs. G. Langley-Taylor, 51 Albert Court, S.W.7.

★ ★ ★

JOINT chairmen of a bridge party to be held at the May Fair Hotel on March 8, in aid of the British Sailors' Society, are Lady Bullock and Mrs. Norman Woodroffe. Tables can be booked from Miss Nisbet, British Sailors' Society, 203 Knightsbridge, S.W.7.



"FIRST NIGHT" OF A STRIKING FILM

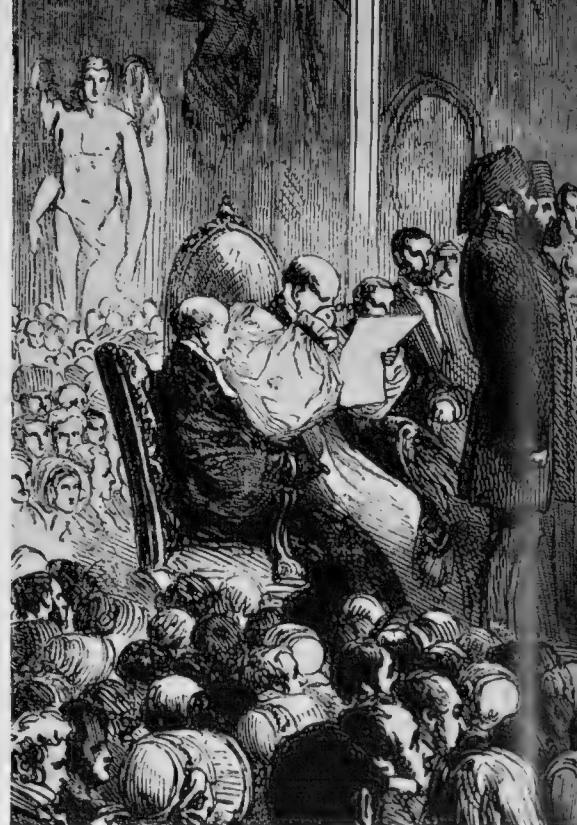
H.R.H. the Duchess of Gloucester attended the world première of *The Golditz Story* at the Gaumont, Haymarket. She is seen here being shown one of the instruments used to help in the original escape plan of 1942, by the author of the book, Mr. Pat Reid, a principal escaper



John Mills, who as a star gives one of the best performances of his career, arriving at the première with his wife, the playwright Mary Hayley Bell



MR. L. A. NICKOLLS, author of "Royal Cavalcade" and "The Queen's World Tour," writes here of H.R.H. Prince Philip's increasing reputation as an after-dinner speaker. Not only does the Prince suit his wit to the occasion, but he expresses his opinions with acute intelligence and great sincerity



The art of after-dinner speaking

THE art of the after-dinner speaker, as practised by the expert, is a subtle and engaging form of oratory which many attempt and few completely master. In this matter I may perhaps count myself something of a judge and a little of a jury, having been, also, auditor and editor of many such efforts since I first arrived in Fleet Street some twenty-five years ago.

Legal men—judges and barristers more often, in my experience, than solicitors—seem frequently to shine as bright stars in this particular firmament. After their heavier and more earnest duties in court and chamber, they would appear to regard the after-dinner task, formidable to others less practised in the art of address, as a bit of fun. And, as they indulge their polished humour, both to the amusement of their listeners and their own satisfaction, they may sometimes pause to wonder how much more readily might juries be swayed were they, too, provided with old brandy and good cigars.

MR. JUSTICE McCARDIE, that famous judge, I heard speak many times and smilingly recorded his dry wit. He was a pleasure to report. The late Lord Hewart, too, made an impressive after-dinner speaker with the sure touch of the master in obtaining his effects. But, like Sir Winston Churchill, he was at pains beforehand, by way of careful preparation, to see that he did not fail to do so.

Once, when he was Lord Chief Justice and was about to address, I think, the Sussex Law Society, he received me in his room while he was dressing for dinner. Since the hour at which he was to speak was late, I was anxious to obtain what is known in newspaper circles as "an advance." Lord Hewart, having known me over a period, entrusted me with his manuscript. "Here," he said, "are my carefully prepared impromptus."

Another member of the English judiciary

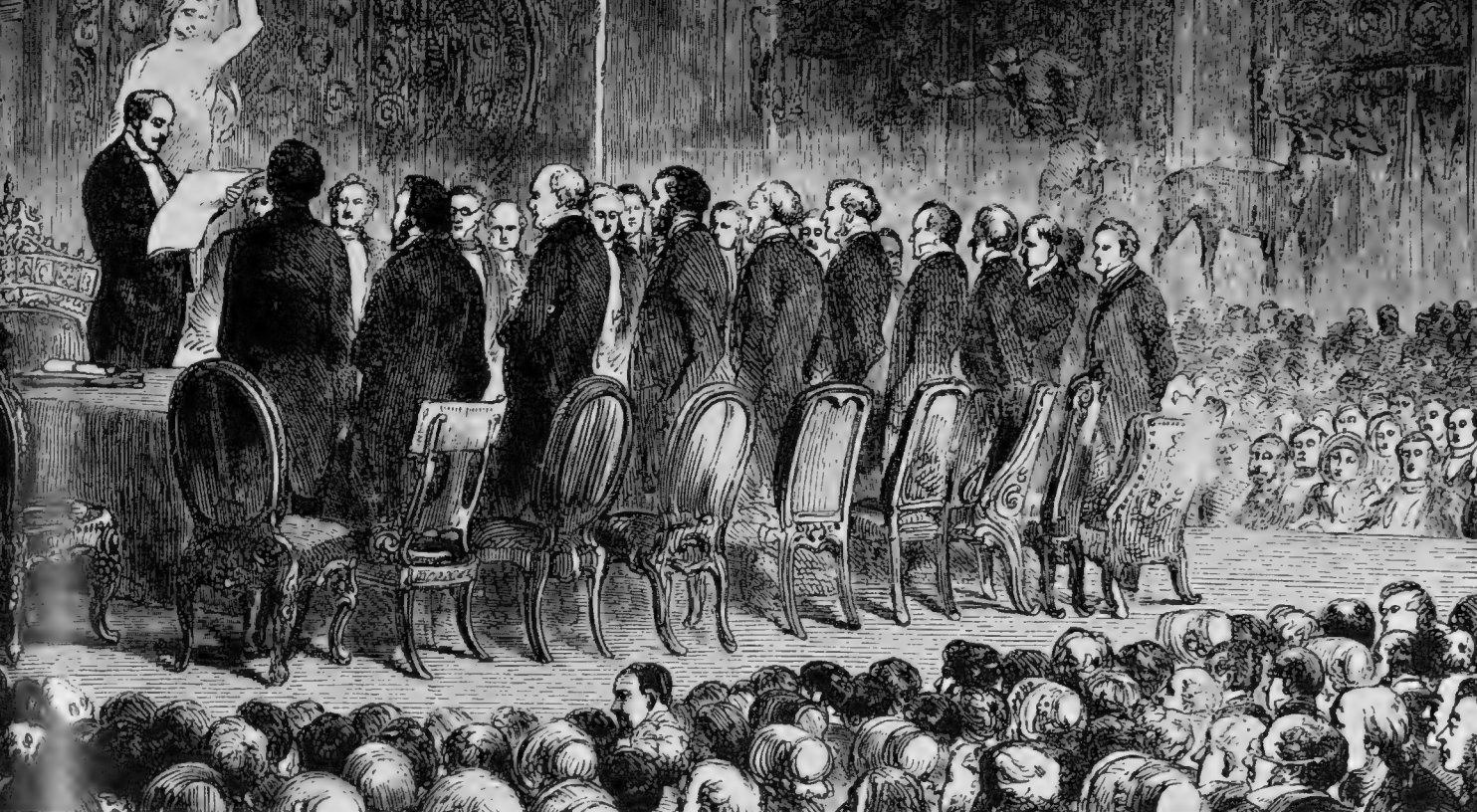
whose presence has for many years been widely sought at numerous top tables is Lord Justice Birkett who, as Mr. Norman Birkett, leading counsel, appeared in many famous cases in the criminal and civil lists. He holds the diners as spellbound as, up and down the country, he used to hold a succession of empanelled twelve good men and true. Like Hutton late-cutting when in form, he makes it all seem so easy.

NOWADAYS, no one's presence as an after-dinner speaker is more constantly in demand, or more ardently desired, than that of the Duke of Edinburgh. He is, if I may say so with respect, full value alike for the business man (tired or otherwise) and the farmer, the sportsman and the scientist, the fighting man and the civilian. He has, also, what journalists call "news value."

When the Duke first appeared on the Royal scene, he was not the effective after-dinner speaker that he has since become. Looking back, it is clear that this sprang from two main causes. Having gone from school into the Royal Navy, he had not much experience of this sort of thing. Neither Dartmouth cadets nor junior officers of the Silent Service have any particular training in the subtleties of after-dinner speaking, more especially when there is a war on. In the second place, as a "junior" in the Royal Family, he had not the same authority that he now possesses to express his opinions.

But now the Duke, having taken very little time to learn all the tricks of this particular trade, can hold his own in the very best of company. A high intelligence, combined with the elusive quality of charm, plus good looks, a pleasant voice and—saving grace—a great sense of humour, make him what Sam Weller might well have described as "a wery uncommon and overvelmin' young gen'l'm'n indeed."

Add to this fact that, unlike some people, he never goes on talking for the sake of hearing his own voice, and it may be gathered that there are good and valid reasons for putting



Picture Post Library
Prince Albert, the Prince Consort,
speaking in the Crystal Palace at the
close of the Great Exhibition in 1851

becomes a most Royal entertainment

the Duke, on merit, top of most bills among top-table speakers today. Since, on every hand, one is always being asked: "Who writes them for him?"—and because, unlike the pavement artist showing his pictures, he cannot himself proclaim it—it might also be noted that the Duke's speeches are all his own work.

At one time, they used mostly to be made "off the cuff." Sometimes the Duke's efficient young Australian-born private secretary was hard put to it to get a record of what his Royal master had said. More than once my own now-rusty shorthand has been the means of providing him with a verbatim. For even a free and easy-going mariner like Lt.-Cdr. Michael Parker could hardly envisage the assembly in the Palace archives of a miscellaneous collection of notes scribbled on envelopes and other bits of paper and headed on the index card: *H.R.H. The Duke of Edinburgh. Speeches.*

Today, the Duke spends more time than he used to on the preparation of his speeches and he has his notes typed. But, as in the case of the bowler hat—a form of headgear that he, viewing with no pleasure at all, agrees to carry but will seldom wear—he makes his own rules. Thus the archives may well be without some of his inserted stories and asides.

The doctors attending the Council dinner of the British Medical Association, for instance, were much amused when the Duke, looking round the room, declared himself surprised to see present a number of those "who have the misfortune to look after me."

"I must be much better than I thought I was!" he said.

GIVING, at an Australian dinner, some impressions of the visit to that country during the great Commonwealth tour by the Queen and himself, the Duke mentioned that "we have heard many stories about Australia and we have many stories about ourselves while we were there." His own favourite, he said, was that of the small boy

who is supposed to have rushed home calling out "Mum! Mum! I've seen the Queen and the Dookaburra!" (The kookaburra is an Australian bird.)

The Australians liked, too, the one about a place called Broken Hill. Here, as I well remember myself, the flies descended, impartially, upon Sovereign, Consort and all the rest of us. "The doctor among our party proceeded to try out some new anti-fly ointment," the Duke told his fellow-diners of the Australia Club in London. "Well, all I can say is—the flies loved it!"

There's a very good story which the Duke tells against himself about an ex-Serviceman's parade which he was inspecting. He went along the lines of men, asking questions about their wartime service, whether they were married, where they came from and so on.

"And what are you doing now?" he asked one man, a London taxi-driver.

"Well, I'm standin' 'ere talkin' to you, sir," came the unexpected reply.

WHEN newspaper reports are cut to the bone, as they are today, the snippets that appear give little or no impression of the reputation that the Duke is making in the field of after-dinner speaking. The general survival rate, in print, of such speeches is low. It used to be a very different matter, as witness the standing instruction in one Fleet Street office that the late J. M. Barrie must always be reported, word for word, from start to finish. It was a Scotsman who signed the order. His wrath came down in full measure, I remember, upon one unfortunate sub-editor, apparently unsympathetic to whimsy, who late one night tampered with the great man's words. "You're the sort of man, given the chance, who'd cut the Sermon on the Mount!" protested the Scot.

The Duke's general style, friendly and engaging, is entirely free from any suggestion of "talking down" to people. This sample—the opening gambit in proposing "Farming and the Farmers' Club" in London recently—gives an illustration of a nice sense of humour:

I am in a bit of a quandary because, if I take too much of the farmers' side, I shall probably only offend the merchants and the millers and the Government. If, on the other hand, I am a bit too kind to the merchants and the millers, then I shall have the farmers after me. And, of course, if I stick up for the Government, I'll have the whole lot about my ears. This only leaves me to discuss the weather—which hardly seems tactful.

And, again, *apropos* of a visit to the Smithfield Show:

I know that all this machinery is designed to help the farmers. But, if you ask me, it's about time they started designing machinery to help the farmer choose his machinery.

But, if it's amazing what an engineer can do with a bit of metal and a bent wire, in my opinion it's nothing to what those stock-breeders do with their stock. They'll have to put some of those animals on wheels next year!

THE lightness and the humour, however, go hand in hand with some serious thinking. And none of the speeches is without its punch. Thus, the doctors, having listened to some urbanities, were told by the Duke, in proposing the toast of "The Common Health," that much of the progress in medicine which had been achieved over recent years had been "at the price of deeper and narrower specialization."

"But the fact remains," said the Duke, "that the individual is still one unit—and, as far as his health goes, is a unique unit at that. Now, I am all for cutting him up into bits to study him, but I hope that the treatment will remain for the whole."

And the farmers, having had their ducal jokes, listened attentively to the Duke's remarks about scientific research.

As to the Australian dinner I have mentioned, one London editor, representing an influential newspaper in that country, was so impressed by the Duke's speech that he declared on the spot: "Back home, we'll print every word we can get of that!"

He is not the only one, by any means, who is enthusiastic.



MARION DAVIES, the former British Olympic champion, teaches skating on the Suvretta rink at St. Moritz for three months during the winter. She comes from London and is seen in the attractive costume she wears for her exhibition skating

George Konig

Roundabout

—Paul Holt

THE battle that has broken out about the integrity of T. E. Lawrence, who wrote *The Seven Pillars Of Wisdom*, will grow. This is not an argument about a literary figure, nor about a man who may have been a fake. It is an argument about history. True or false?

Lawrence may not have been that great one. Sir Winston Churchill gave him an accolade, saying that he was one of the greatest men of our time. But was Sir Winston right? The man can be right and the policy wrong.

It does not seem to me to matter whether Lawrence of Arabia was a fake or a hero but what is really important is the effect of his legend on the men who came after him.

There is nothing more mystical or more confusing than the talk of the real expert on Arab philosophy. I have never been able to understand a word they said. And

I think they picked it all up from Lawrence.

This explosion of controversy about him may help to curb the faith that lies in the Foreign Office in the Arab. It has become a fetish. Arabs admire themselves and that is all there is to it. They don't like the British any more than they do the Chinese.

But for the last twenty years we have been worshipping them and it is time it stopped.

By some accident of fate the Lawrence books may help.

★ ★ ★

IT must have been a great disappointment to the Duke of Cornwall to find that when he blew a hunting horn the other day no noise came out the other end. I have found that the only way to succeed with this chancy occupation is to purse

the lips so tight that the air explodes from the mouth, just exactly as it would if you were trying to blow a feather stuck to the end of your nose with treacle.

The French hunting horn, with the music going round and round and coming out *here* some seconds later, is a far more satisfactory instrument of the chase.

★ ★ ★

RECENTLY I went out to dine. It was nothing fancy, just a Welsh dinner. My hostess wrote out the menu in Welsh and it reads this way:

MENW
YR HEN WLAD
Cawl cemmin gydm bhmambi
"Leg Bach"

Tensem apalam an y planc Man-y-derri
Cawl Caerphilly

. . . and so on.

It was a magnificent meal, starting with a special leek soup with grated cheese. The "Leg Bach" was a joke, turning out to be roast mutton with creamed turnips. Flat apple pie rolled thin on a plank and Caerphilly cheese followed.

The wine began with Hansi Syr Henry Morgan, a delicate brew of Jamaica rum laced with Plymouth gin. This was in honour of that great pirate, who turned out to be the great-great-great (and possibly another great) grandfather of my hostess.

Meddlyn (mead) followed, then a bland red wine with the roast.

After dinner my hostess read us Beatrix Potter in Welsh. Hanes Meistres Tigi-Dwt turned out to be Mrs. Tiggy Winkle and Hanes Dili Minllyn the adorable Mrs. Jemima Puddleduck.

I found that after such a cossetting speech flowed, and I went home serene but garrulous.

It was one of the pleasanter evenings I remember.

★ ★ ★

SURELY the time has come to stop the abominable nagging at a young actress named Mary Parker. Every time her name appears in print (which is where a young actress's name is supposed to be) she is referred to as "the sister of Lt.-Cdr. Michael Parker, secretary to Prince Philip, the Duke of Edinburgh."

This is a shame, because it gives the impression that this promising young actress is making use of her remote connection with the Royal Household. She is not.

She is that oddity, an Australian aristocrat, convent trained. She badly wants to make her way in the London theatre. And she can do it by her own talent.

I once asked her whether she owed anything to her brother.

"Yes," she said, "he taught me how to whistle through two fingers."

★ ★ ★

A FRIEND has a beautiful daughter, who is also fortunate. She has married a young and handsome nobleman of great wealth. The wedding was at St. Margaret's, with the Royals, the tenants, the lot.

When my friend heard that the bridegroom's parents were bringing up the tenants, his course was clear.

He brought his landlord.

★ ★ ★

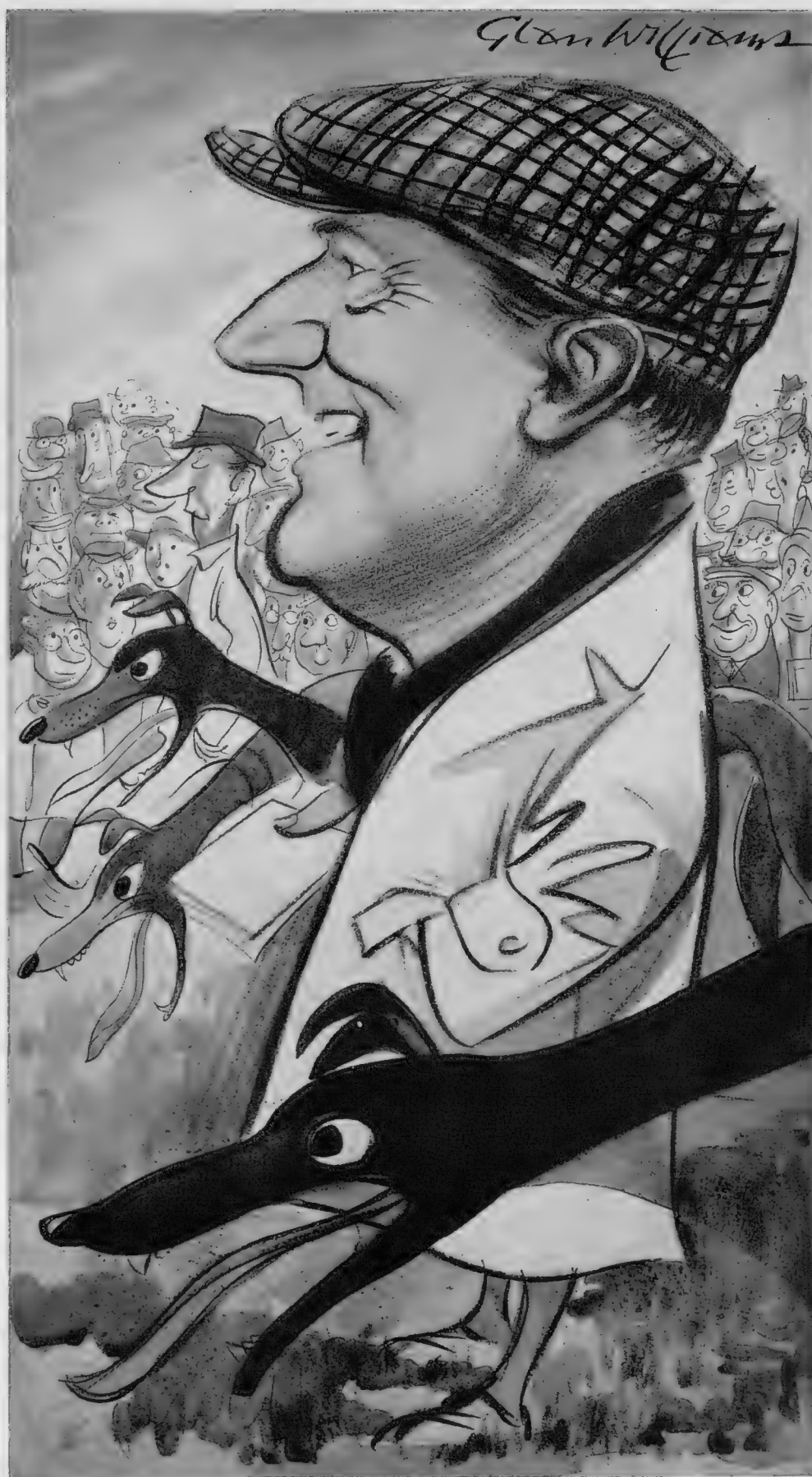
NOTING the growing influence of women on our daily newspapers, a friend of mine is thinking of writing a book describing these ladies. Fleet Street has been called "The Street of Ink" and "Grub Street," but he wants to call it "Petticoat Lane."

★ ★ ★

SURPRISING what you can find in a dictionary.

The *Concise Oxford* informs me that Wardour Street is a London street noted for antique furniture.

No wonder television is getting along so well.



THE EARL OF SEFTON, D.L., J.P., is President of the National Coursing Club, under whose auspices the Waterloo Cup, instituted in 1836—the coursing Derby—will be contested on Friday. The course at Altcar, between Liverpool and Southport, is on the estate of Lord Sefton, whose interest and enthusiasm have done much to save the sport (dating in this country from Elizabethan days) from decline, and to preserve the finer points of the most ancient of all breeds of dogs. Beside his sporting activities, Lord Sefton has done outstanding public work, and was Lord Mayor of Liverpool in 1945-6. He is Hon. Colonel of the 287th (W. Lancs) Medium Regt. R.A. (T.A.), and since 1942 has been Constable of Lancaster Castle



Left: Major T. J. Arnott (centre) was in conversation with Earl Bathurst and Miss Pat Smythe, the famous horse-woman, in a break while the band rested

Right: Miss Jill Burton and Mr. Peter Burnham were two of the younger followers who helped to make the occasion a particularly gay one

FESTIVE NIGHT AT CIRENCESTER

FOLLOWERS of the V.W.H. (Earl Bathurst's) enjoyed a delightful evening when they held their hunt ball at the Bingham Hall, Cirencester, and when dancing ended it was not long before the "after the ball" meet was held at Norcote House, home of the hunt committee chairman, Col. W. Chester-Master



DINING IN

Hamburger party

—Helen Burke

WITH meat costing the high price it does, we cannot any longer take a chance on a dish which is new to us, unless we really believe in it.

For me, one of the most refreshing and quickly prepared meat dishes is Hamburgers. They must be *all meat*—seasoned, of course—and nothing else. Disregard any recipes which give you breadcrumbs, because these absorb the natural juices of the meat and your Hamburgers will be dry.

Onions do not improve them, while the yolk of an egg, being a liquid, simply toughens the raw meat when it comes in contact with it.

No, the real thing is simply minced lean beef, nothing more, and, as far as I am concerned, the best flavoured cut is lean top side with no fat.

I pass it once only through the medium cutters in my electric mincing-machine and sprinkle in a little pepper and the tiniest suspicion of salt, because salt extracts moisture and tends to delay the cooking.

EACH round needs 4 oz. or so. Gather the meat together and, with the lightest possible touch, form it into round flattish cakes between three-quarters and one inch thick. If the meat is pressed into firm cakes, the results will not be nearly so good as when they barely hold together. Fry them on both sides in a little butter and olive oil, to the degree of "doneness" you prefer. Or brush them with melted butter and gently grill them on both sides—not on the grid itself, for you could not turn them easily without breaking them, but on the bottom of the buttered grill pan.

Serve with them, if you like, fried potatoes and fried onion rings, the latter cut very thin, dusted with flour, dipped in milk and flour again, then cooked in very hot deep fat.

ANOTHER wonderful minced beef dish is Steak Tartare, entirely raw. I plan this for my family when I can be absent from the meal, because, although it does not offend me to prepare it, I cannot endure seeing it eaten. (I once gave a "Steak Tartare" party and, to everyone's amusement, had my own main dish in the kitchen!)

For each individual serving, form 6 to 8 oz. raw minced lean beef into a flat round. (It is surprising how much of this raw meat those who enjoy Steak Tartare can eat.) Make a slight depression in the centre and drop a raw egg yolk into it. Around the meat place little heaps of chopped raw onion, chopped anchovy fillets (in oil), paprika, coarsely ground black pepper, salt and, if you like, chopped parsley. Some people pass oil and vinegar with this dish. Needless to say, it is most nourishing and, if you like it, wonderful.

THERE is no "if" or "maybe" about Scotch Collops. They must be very well cooked. Place the minced lean beef, with just a little fat in it, in a stout pan. (If you have a reliable iron *cocotte*, so much the better.) Brown the meat all over, without adding further fat, breaking up any lumps which form with a wooden spoon. When nicely browned, add a good handful of medium oatmeal (for 1½ lb. meat) and enough water to come through. Simmer very slowly for fifty to sixty minutes, seasoning the meat half-way through the cooking. Garnish the collops with small triangles of crustless toast.



DINING OUT

Thames-side weekend

ON a wild, wet, freezing weekend, with icy roads, snow and the possibility of fog, probably the most sensible thing to do is to ensure that your larder is well stocked, your cellar well filled, your fires banked up, the doors and windows closed, and remain in comfort in your home.

The alternative of venturing forth in these unpleasant conditions has its compensations.

After driving perhaps for an hour or more, proceeding with difficulty, discomfort and apprehension, your reaction on arriving at some fine inn with a roaring fire and a welcome is a heart-warming affair. The drinks before dinner, the food, wine and possibly the hot toddy after, take on a sort of enchantment.

FIRST select your inn. This we did recently, choosing one on the dank, dark and dripping banks of the River Thames, namely, the White Hart at Sonning. The fires were blazing; there was a cheerful welcome from the parrot, the staff and mine hosts, John Evans, his sister Mary, and Bill Shepherd, who have been running the place for over twenty-three years. The food was excellent and in honour of the struggle to get there we had turtle soup, *Chicons au Jambon-gratin* (the chef's version of this was to add whisky to the sauce), roast Berkshire hen pheasant, accompanied by Château Lafite Rothschild '47, and to finish up a goblet of Taylor's '27. With a fire in one's bedroom, what more could one desire to counteract the elements?

Back to London next day, stopping for lunch at that old and famous favourite, the Hind's Head at Bray, which I have only visited once since the days of the late Barry Neame, about whom Maurice Healey wrote: "Sometimes the Host of Princes, always the Prince of Hosts."

MISS WILLIAMS, gay, friendly and efficient, was Barry's chief assistant up to the time he left in 1942 and has held the fort in her own right ever since. Strenuous efforts have been made to restore the wine list to some of its former glory, which was fabulous. There was a disastrous fire in 1943, in which huge quantities of wine were lost. Some idea of the disaster can be gathered by the fact that in claret alone over three thousand bottles were destroyed. They have now a fine selection of the Premier Crus of the Médoc: '24, '28, '34, '37, '45, '47 ('37's and '45's at 50s.), some excellent burgundies, and a host of other fine wines.

The food is good, straightforward English: river trout, boiled turbot in cream sauce, jugged hare, steak and kidney pie, roast pheasant, ducks, steaks, and some fine English cheeses.

In the panelled bar there is a remarkable collection of coins found in the ceiling of this fifteenth-century hotel during alterations made in 1938.

—I. Bickerstaff



Mrs. Carolyn Barclay had just been waltzing with Mr. Ian Graham, a kilted representative of Scotland



Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Keen paused on their way to the ballroom to inspect a handsome rococo mirror



Left: Mr. Carleton Tufnell, Sir Hugh Arbuthnot, Bt., Master of the Cotswold, and Mrs. Carleton Tufnell were laughing over a recollection of the hunting-field



Right: Miss Perella Boden and Mr. Peter Miles were having much-needed refreshment after taking part in an enthusiastic Charleston which formed part of the varied programme



AT KLEINE SCHEIDEGG the Hon. Mrs. Neil Cooper-Key, whose husband, M.P. for Hastings, is now visiting the U.S. with his father-in-law Viscount Rothermere, is seen with her two sons Adrian and Esmond. They were staying at Grindelwald with Countess van den Steen de Jehay, formerly Lady Moyra Butler



MRS. GEORGE COLLETT, wife of Rear-Admiral Collett, with her twelve-year-old daughter Jean and son Michael, who recently distinguished himself by winning against strong competition Wengen Junior Ski Championship. Their home is Quebec House, near Camberley, Surrey

Priscilla in Paris

The young lovers weep

THE City Fathers who warmed the pavements outside the shops of the Rue Tronchet this last autumn would have been better inspired if they had turned their attention to the frontage of quay-side houses. How convenient such a heating of the waters would be to-day for the housewives. They could do their Monday-wash from their first-floor windows!

This, of course, might not be feasible everywhere, since the waters of the Seine are becoming salty. From the parapets above the river, bitter tears are wept by young lovers as they watch the flooding stream swirl round the benches where they keep their evening trysts! A damned moist, unpleasant state of affairs if one can no longer enjoy a little love-making in the romantic shadows cast by *le vieux Paris*!

Do I seem over-facetious? Nay, nay! "And if I laugh at any mortal thing, 'Tis that I may not weep!"

Water, water everywhere, even at the première of *Pygmalion* at the Bouffes-Parisiens Theatre. The play was produced with rain *ad libitum* and taxis skittering convincingly across the stage. A crashing success! For long months to come the "Bouffes" will be crowded by Parisians, their relatives from the provinces and their visiting friends from all over Europe. Perhaps even from England if, by some incredible chance, there exist British visitors who have not seen Leslie Henson and Wendy Hiller in the 1938 film version of *Pygmalion* that still draws full houses in Paris whenever it is advertised.

M. CLAUDE-ANDRÉ PUGET is responsible for the new French stage adaptation, that is played, very perfectly, by Jean Marais, Jeanne Moreau, Suzanne Dehelly and Noël Roquevert at the Bouffes-Parisiens. Indeed, the production is so excellent, so amusingly dressed with the falbalas and billycocks of 1912, and so

entertaining in every way, that I was envious of the spectators who, having no memories to spoil their pleasure, could wholeheartedly enjoy "M. Puget's play."

Another revival this week is Marcel Achard's enchanting: *Voulez Vous Jouer Avec Moï?* (Tradition has it that French clowns must speak with an English accent; hence the "moa" for *moi*!) This is a comedy that made theatrical history in 1923, and has now been welcomed again with, literally, shrieks of delight, at the Théâtre en Rond.

POSSESSING all the whimsy of a Barrie, allied with the realism of a Bernstein, Marcel Achard, who has become one of France's foremost dramatists, was an extremely poor young author thirty-two years ago. Poor but lucky. The late Charles Dullin, who throughout his life did so much for young writers in whom he discerned talent, decided to produce the play. Not over-prosperous himself, at that moment, Dullin's last few francs went into the production and, in order to save an actor's salary, he coached Achard, who had never set foot on a stage before, to play the leading rôle.

On the first night the upper galleries of Dullin's shabby but famous little theatre, on the Place Dancourt were crowded with an enthusiastic, appreciative crowd of "under-thirties." A heart-warming atmosphere of happy optimism reigned. The fantastic, gay-sad, circus-parade comedy was acted with such tranquil, youthful audacity that it



ANOTHER WENGEN VISITOR was Mrs. John Large, of Loan Park, Lustleigh, South Devon, here with her small son Ian. Her husband is a surgeon. There has been an unusually large number of visitors to the Bernese Oberland this season

charmed even the most captious and grey-bearded critics in their stalls and boxes. Now again, the moving story of the clown and the dancer is delighting *tout Paris*, played as it is at the Théâtre en Rond, the circular stage of which makes a perfect setting.

THIS time a "real" actor, Robert Dhery, is playing the part, but Achard could have done so had he wished. When he responded to urgent cries of "author" we had a vision of what he must have looked like so many years ago. Time has generously rounded his never very imposing stature; with his immense tortoise-shell spectacles that seem far too heavy for his neat, round, still boyish face, and the low, open clown's collar and loose white tie that he always wears, he has the air of a charming jester.

He is very short-sighted; he tripped and almost fell over the big balloon that was one of the stage "props." . . . Was his bewilderment real or assumed? There were tears and laughter. I think we were all a little hysterical. The applause was endless. It was one of those happy, futile moments that theatre lovers like to remember.

Taxe de service

● Sacha Guitry complains that he is too heavily taxed. "Did Louis XIV. ask Molière to pay taxes?" he indignantly demands.



THE YOUNG PEOPLE FOUND
A UTOPIA IN THE SNOWS

SCHOOLBOYS and girls who went with their parents to Switzerland during the holidays enjoyed themselves memorably, as these pictures show. Above, the Hon. Robin Walpole, Lord Walpole's heir, who is at Eton, comes down the Wengen village street on a sledge, with Miss Sonja Walker



Brodrick Haldane

COL. WILLIAM FORBES, from Easton, Norfolk, and his ten-year-old son Anthony were photographed up at Scheidegg, before ski-ing down to lunch at the Palace Hotel, Wengen, where the Colonel was staying with his wife and two sons

At the Theatre

Yugoslav compliment

Anthony Cookman

Illustrations by Emmwood

WE do our best to believe that London is still as cosmopolitan a centre of the arts as ever it was; and our will to believe is much fortified by an event such as the visit of the Yugoslav National Opera and Ballet to the Stoll. The company of some 250 soloists, chorus and dancers come complete with their own orchestra from Zagreb—a mass approach very flattering to London pride, and they heighten the note of welcome by bringing that notoriously difficult opera, Borodin's *Prince Igor*, which has not been seen here since 1936.

The venture is a costly one, and there is a danger that since the actual performance is a shade less exciting than we had hoped it would be, we shall exaggerate the disappointment and so discourage similar visits on the same scale.

THAT there is some disappointment is a fact. It is also a fact that the evening is enjoyable, provided that we do not pitch our expectations too high. The disappointment may be explained to some extent by the determination of the conductor to stress the lyrical character of the work. There is a great deal to be said for this choice of emphasis. The score is rich in colour and melodic beauty, but the story—

it must be admitted—is episodic, no more than a tale of an expedition by a certain twelfth-century Novgorod hero against a Tartar tribe.

A wife is left at home to contend with her loneliness and the troubles made by a riotous rebel, a son finds happiness among the Tartars—a scheme singularly thin in drama. But it enabled Borodin to win some wonderfully ingratiating tunes from the idiom of Russian folk-song, and Mr. Milan Sachs, the director of the Zagreb Opera, sets himself with deliberate *tempi* to reproduce the ingratiating quality of these wistful Slavonic melodies.

WHAT happens is that the lyrical element flourishes at the expense of excitement, and a sense of disappointment comes about through the feeling that such a result does not inevitably follow from a recognition of the opera's dramatic weakness.

The women's choruses are one of the enchantments of the piece, and though the tone preferred is harsher than suits our taste, they are excellently done. Though the singing seldom rises much above a good repertory standard, the evening becomes enjoyable through the continuing effect of good team work and thorough rehearsing. Though the performance never catches fire it has integrity.



MARIA PODVINEC as Jaroslaina, wife of Prince Igor. She has studied in Vienna and Zagreb and made her début with the company as Margherita in *Faust*

IT comes nearest to flash-point in the wonderful sequence which culminates in the wild excitement of the famous tribal dances. The choreography of the dances was after Fokine's, which cannot be bettered. The three principal dancers have a good turn of speed and the dances were received enthusiastically.

Yet I thought they were done with something less than absolute precision, and fell to wondering what the John Tiller Girls would make of such marvellous material. The production is stolid and the décor suitable but not, in the opening performances, remarkable, though, doubtless, this last was in some degree due to the visitors' unfamiliarity with the theatre's lighting system.



Prince Galitzki (Tomislav Neralic), brother-in-law of Prince Igor, who means to usurp the throne while the Prince is at the wars; Prince Igor (Vladimir Ruzdjak), who returns victorious, and the two unrepentant deserters, Skula and Eroska (Gregor Radev and Franjo Paulik). The action of Borodin's celebrated opera takes place in Russia in the year 1185



Houston Rogers

FLORA ROBSON'S FIRST COMEDY

FLORA ROBSON, who has for long been famous as one of our foremost dramatic and tragic actresses, has had her first comedy-role written specially for her by Owen Holder in his Edwardian play *A Kind of Folly*. The play opens at the Duchess Theatre on February 15th. It is set in the spring of 1910 and tells the story of a wealthy eccentric (Wilfred Hyde White) who is distracted by the rival claims of his wife (Flora Robson) and his mistress (Jean Kent)

London Limelight

Life with the Pooters

THE DIARY OF A NOBODY," the version, according to Basil Dean, which did very nicely at the Arts last autumn, is to be presented in the West End for public consumption, by E. P. Clift.

This is the second success for this, our most enterprising club theatre, which can also claim the latest *St. Joan*.

As is almost invariably (but rarely happily) the case the original cast are either no longer available or have been discarded in favour of bigger names. Wise young actors fight shy of leading parts in try-out theatres and concentrate on impressive supporting jobs if they want to stay with likely productions. In this case we are losing George Benson and Dulcie Gray, the original Mr. and Mrs. Pooter, in favour of Leslie Henson and Hermione Baddeley.

Theoretically, this should broaden the

comedy almost to the slopes of farce, but they are both fine artists and capable of the touch of pathos that is vital if the sneer beneath the suburban surface is not to raise its ugly little shark's fin. The rest of the roles are so defined by venerated tradition that any good troupe of professionals could acquit themselves with distinction.

PHILIP KING, author of the brilliant and original *On Monday Next*, has two successive first-nights on the horizon. The first is *Sailor Beware*, due at the Strand on the 16th, which is "opening cold," as the profession has it, meaning that it has

had no preliminary provincial canter to knock the corners off. To ward against untimed laughs there are to be two public or semi-public dress rehearsals.

The second play is *Serious Charge*, seen here as a Sunday show last year, which has a "strong" plot, which means that it is a modern version of the old-fashioned melodrama. This will be seen at the Garrick on the 17th, under the ægis of Mr. Barlow, an impresario who backs his convictions with cash on the theory (which has sometimes proved correct) that if a play can be kept going by artificial means for long enough it will ultimately become a best-seller. I hope this time he has found a goose which will lay the right sort of egg, even if it never becomes a swan.



Leslie Henson and Hermione Baddeley will star in *The Diary of a Nobody*

ON Monday next the Roumanian State Dance Company, who have been in Paris, are opening at the Stoll. It sounds a folksy performance, but with a touch of speed to remove the Morris-dance-with-pince-nez flavour which one associates with that ominous word. There are 115 artists not counting the guards, for this production comes from behind the Iron Curtain, and already in Paris individuality is said to have raised its unwelcome head.

—Youngman Carter

CONQUERING HERO

TO Richard Burton comes the enthralling and by no means easy task of portraying the complex character of Alexander the Great, in the film of that name which Robert Rossen is producing. This powerful and vital actor is well suited to play the part of a man whose youth, combined with his achievements, no other century has ever equalled. Also in the cast are Fredric March as Philip of Macedon and Claire Bloom as Alexander's great love Barsine.



Bert Cann

Television

MEMORY SPARKED

— Freda Bruce Lockhart

WHEN *War in the Air* reaches its last instalment (Saturday repeat excepted) on Monday, the TV film unit may sit back with reasonable pride. They may not always have made perfectly clear whether they were documenting the history of the air war, or of war in our time. But each instalment so glowing with live memories as to make the series one reason for being glad to have TV.

The American picture of atomic war, *321 Zero*, is repeated to-morrow, for those not even more alarmed by its bombastic commentary.

BENNY HILL is one TV comedian who has always won my heart as well as my laughter. Still more so since comparing the unflagging absurdity of his first "Merry-Go-Round" with his old programme, "Show Case," in other hands. The original Benny Hill's second "Merry-Go-Round" is on Saturday night.

This promises to be a better-than-usual Saturday, with the finals in the National Union of Students' debating tournament (a natural, surely, for Mr. Hill who follows it) and another Peter Scott nature-film, not immediately recognisable under the title *Wild America*.

It will be interesting to see what Bernard Braden makes of his lead in Sunday's play, *Go Fall in Love*, by Braden's fellow-Canadian, Ted Allen. Allen wrote *Willie the Squawse* and also that endearing Jewish sketch, *Lies My Father Told Me*.

Those who appreciated Dobson and Young's casual manner of popularising music will know better than to turn off their Epilogue that Sunday night.

In to-night's *Face the Music*, Henry Hall turns from new discoveries to old favourites: ever-dear Cicely Courtneidge and Jack Hulbert, Elisabeth Welch and Ian Wallace, near-saviours of the revue *Pay the Piper*, and Sally Barnes, of whom never enough has been made.



The gramophone

TAUBER'S SUCCESSOR

INTRODUCING Walter Anton Dotzer, who is Viennese by birth though now a naturalised British subject. Dotzer began his musical career at the age of five as a violinist, and three years later his high treble voice gained him a place with the Wiener Sängerknaben, when, as a member

of one of the travelling choirs, he visited both Australia and the U.S.A. In 1936 he came to England and it was here that he met Piccaver, who, in fact, discovered Dotzer's beautiful tenor voice, and under whom he studied for six years. At the present time Dotzer is back once more singing in Vienna.

His most recently released recording is an exceptionally well-balanced selection of Viennese songs issued under the title "Wien, Wien, Nur Du Allein."

On this record you will be able to appreciate his many fine qualities. There is a similarity in the way he uses his voice to the young Tauber. He is a real musician and his top notes are always faultlessly correct.

HE is backed by the Vienna Broadcasting Orchestra and the Academy Chamber Choir, conducted by Heinz Sandauer and Hans Hagen, and, indeed, this backing is both colourful and competent. But from the beginning to the end of this record the personality of the soloist cuts its way through with absolute confidence; no mean task, I assure you, with a choral and orchestral performance of such high quality.

All praise must go to those responsible for the imaginative and sensitive production of this gramophone record. It is in every way an outstanding work of art. It is sung throughout in German, but that will in no way detract from its universal appeal.

There are many who can learn much from this recording. It will give infinite pleasure to all who hear it. (Philips BBR. 8039.)

—Robert Tredinnick

At the Pictures

Operation "Colander"

Elspeth Grant*

RISKING a sharp accusation of frivolity—and a quote in the advertisements—I shall describe Mr. Ivan Foxwell's admirable film, *The Colditz Story*, as 100 per cent. escapist entertainment.

It is based on Major P. R. Reid's book about his experiences in a highly exclusive P.O.W. camp—the fortress-like, mountain-top castle of Colditz, in Saxony—where all the prisoners were Allied officers who had at least twice, each, annoyed the Germans by breaking out of other camps. The rank folly of herding hundreds of ardent and expert escapologists together and expecting them to pay the slightest attention to the warning that escape from Colditz was strictly *verboden* is apparent from the film.

Every single prisoner, whether French, Dutch, Polish or British, lives, breathes, eats, drinks, talks and dreams escape. Nobody here, as in other P.O.W. camps, prefers to accept confinement quietly—to study higher mathematics, write poetry or read for some Civil Service exam.

IF a camp concert is staged, this is not done merely for amusement: it serves as a cover for one more daring attempt at a get-away. Men who might have been placidly preparing for a post-war career as classics master eagerly turn their hands to such chores as tailoring imitation German uniforms and forging identification papers. Judging from the film, which I am prepared to believe implicitly, the prisoners at Colditz were a remarkably courageous, ingenious and co-operative crowd of chaps—who had a simply wonderful time risking their necks in the pursuit of freedom. How lamentably dull they must find Civvy Street—where it is possible to leave any residence, desirable or undesirable, simply by opening a door and walking out.

CLEARLY, where individual prisoners are working on their private plans, one attempt at escape will clash with and ruin another: Mr. John Mills, as Major Reid, is disturbed in his investigation of an inviting manhole in the yard because some "damn fool" clambering on the castle roof knocks down a few loose tiles—and a Frenchman's tunnel collapses into one the British are burrowing lower down. (The foundations of Colditz must be as full of holes as a Gruyere cheese.) Obviously all escape attempts must be better co-ordinated—and it is Mr. Eric Portman, giving a superbly authoritative performance as the senior British officer, who undertakes this delicate task.

The script, by Mr. Foxwell and the film's able young director, Mr. Guy Hamilton, is

brisk and exciting; Mr. William Douglas Home's dialogue could not be better, and the acting is excellent—with particularly attractive performances from Messrs. Ian Carmichael and Richard Wattis, as a couple of inveterate Goon-baiters, and a newcomer, Mr. Christopher Rhodes, as one of the only two tragic figures in the picture.

SINCE Messrs. Edward G. Robinson and Glenn Ford and Miss Barbara Stanwyck are the stars of *Rough Company*, and Miss Dianne Foster, a young person somewhat reminiscent of Miss Rita Hayworth, is around to decorate the scene, one had hoped this film would not be without interest. It is, though.

It's that old thing about a rich and ruthless cattle king (Mr. Edward G. Robinson), in this instance a cripple, who is determined to hound a lesser cattle-man, Mr.

Ford, and neighbouring farmers out of the territory. Mr. Robinson's minions burn down Mr. Ford's ranch, so Mr. Ford mounts his horse (he has an odd, elbowy style of riding), nips across the prairie to Mr. R.'s place and burns that down.

Miss Stanwyck, bored with her crippled husband, leaves the helpless man to roast to death (only, of course, he's not quite as helpless as all that), and drives into town to tell the sheriff this incendiary lark has

got to stop. He must have misunderstood her, for the next thing you know, he and a hundred hired deputies are tearing around burning every farm in the district—until the whole CinemaScope landscape is ablaze. "Flaming nonsense, if you ask me," grumbled my neighbour. I hadn't asked him—but how right he was!

MADE by three amateurs, Messrs. Ray Ashley and Morris Engel, and Miss Ruth Orkin, on what is variously known as a low budget or a shoe-string, *Little Fugitive* is a small film of great charm. Its star is a chunky seven-year-old boy, Master Richie Andrusco, whose gap-toothed grin is particularly endearing and whose performance is completely natural. The film is mainly concerned with this child's adventures among the fairground attractions and the crowds that throng the boardwalks and beaches at Coney Island—and child behaviour has never been more accurately and sympathetically observed.

* Deputising for Dennis W. Clarke.

The forthcoming United Artists' film, starring Denise Darcel, Gary Cooper and Burt Lancaster, is entitled *Vera Cruz*, not *Santa Cruz*, as stated in a caption in *The Tatler* of January 26.



John Mills covertly signals to Eric Portman the presence of an unwelcome visitor (Denis Shaw) in *The Colditz Story*



GENGHIS KHAN, the thirteenth-century Mongol chieftain who created an Empire from the China Sea to the Dnieper, is seen, in the person of John Wayne, carrying his standard into battle in R.K.O.'s CinemaScope film, *The Conqueror*. Below is Susan Hayward as the Tartar Princess Bortai





The Chairman of the Ball, Mrs. John Ward, whose birthday coincided with the event, brought a party of forty guests



Mrs. Gerald Legge and Viscountess Duncannon, one of the vice-presidents, and (behind) Mr. Gerald Legge and Viscount Duncannon

DANCERS IN PARK LANE FELT THE BREATH OF SUMMER BESIDE THE MEDITERRANEAN

A KINGFISHER flash was given to the winter by the Côte d'Azur Ball at the Dorchester. Masses of flowers were flown from the South of France for this brilliant event, and the total effect—as arranged by a famous French florist—was unforgettable in scent and colour. In other ways, too, the Ball will be remembered, not the least for its ingenious diversity of between-dance attractions. The National Association and London Union of Mixed Clubs and Girls' Clubs benefited handsomely from this occasion



Mr. James Hay and the Hon. Gilean Blunt-Mackenzie, who is a daughter of Viscount Tarbat, were admiring a doll



Miss D. Shelley, who was selling programmes, was chatting to Miss Elizabeth Ward, efficient chairman of the Junior Committee



Among the guests were the Duke and Duchess of Bedford. Prizes awarded at the ball included Riviera holidays



Miss Rosemary Parker with her fiancé, Mr. Timothy Legh Clowes. Dancing was to Tommy Kinsman's band



Viscount Stormont, the Earl of Mansfield's son and heir, and Miss Pamela Foster were checking their tickets



Lady George Scott (artist Mollie Bishop) was being partnered by Mr. Douglas Fairbanks in a foxtrot



Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks, the Marchioness of Northampton and Mr. T. Clyde were having a serious discussion

D. B. Wyndham Lewis

Standing By ...

ACCORDING to the London and South-Eastern Area of the National Federation of Merchant Tailors—"Natty" to you—TV announcers have an offensive habit, among others, of appearing before the public in white waistcoats 2½ ins. too long for their evening tails. This situation the LSEA of the NFMT wants attended to, and quickly, please.

Do such revelations shake you white men as profoundly as the tailoring boys seem to assume? Our experience is that the thoughtful citizenry is far more concerned with what lurks behind BBC waistcoats, immaterially speaking. As Slogger Tennyson put it during a brawl with one of his brethren in Art:

What profits now to understand
The merits of a spotless shirt—
A dapper boot—a little hand—
If half the little soul is dirt?

This would naturally not apply to TV announcers, whose pans and voices alike testify to the marmoreal nobility of the emotions in cold storage behind their waistcoats, or, to be pedantic, undervests. Nevertheless, we find, many thinkers can't help asking themselves, as somebody asked about Mr. Gladstone, Radio's great exemplar, how the boys would react to stepping suddenly, in their nighties, barefoot, during the small hours, in the dark, on a nice sharp tintack.

Footnote

WHETHER the Tintack Test is still applied to Foreign Office candidates being vetted for non-committal sangfroid we don't know. Talleyrand, of whom Napoleon or Mme de Staël or somebody said that however violently and unexpectedly you kicked him in the trousers his features would remain inscrutable, is of course the ideal. One would rather not—to echo a celebrated clerihew on Mae West—say the ideal what. And a blessing we wish you all.

Nutburger

VITAMIN-STARVATION possibly explains the interesting case of the Hollywood film actor who lately had to pay £200 damages for sinking his teeth—as the Press boys prettily put it—into the thigh of a sunbathing blonde; apparently his second performance in this style. If the poor chap was a nutburger-addict, as might well be, our sympathies are with him.

Addicts of the nutburger, a highly popular kind of vegetarian hamburger, representing the Absolute Zero in Transatlantic food-flavour (which is saying something), find Mother Nature avenging herself sooner or later with a wild craving for something rich, tasty and nourishing, such as doubtless seized the Hollywood boy. Sahibs who marry a ghoul unawares, like the chap in the *Arabian Nights*, know this well. They usually discover their position (one of them was telling us), in Paris on the first day of the honeymoon, when the bride keeps sobbing that a *bifteck saignant* is never enough underdone. In the best restaurants, says this chap, the waiter is invariably sympathetic.

"Madame est goule?"
"Oui, oui."
"Bon."

A raw steak is deftly substituted. You say this becomes embarrassing. It is less so than finding the girl taking a snap at some juicy traffic-cop.

Birdie

A CITIZEN who thawed a frozen Royal swan during the late cold spell and put it (*vide Press*) to bed till the Queen's Swan Keeper arrived, enjoyed the publicity this loyal and kindly act deserved; but not of course on the front page, as might have happened if the bird had said anything memorable, like the wild duck which corrected Major Rampole down our way not long ago.

The Major was out shooting on the marshes. On alighting, more angry than hurt, the duck said bitterly: "Just my ruddy luck to be grounded by a ruddy alcoholic Sapper." This partial mis-statement the Major at once corrected. Subsequent conversation, as recorded verbatim that night in Major Rampole's diary:

Duck (*interrupting rather rudely*): All right, all right. The Old Eighty-Ninth it is. In that case you've probably heard of "Stiffy" Whipsnade.

MAJOR: That rat. Swiped First Batt. mess-funds, '13. Just before my time.

Duck (*forcibly*): Believe me, Rampole, you do poor "Stiffy" immeasurable wrong. As white a man, Rampole, as e'er trod English ground. He did it to save a woman's honour.

MAJOR (*stiffly*): It is not for a man who has held His Majesty's Commission thirty years to be brow-beaten by a duck. What do you know about "Stiffy" Whipsnade?

Duck: I am "Stiffy" Whipsnade, you purple fool. (*Exit, honking derisively.*)



This interesting case of reincarnation the Major wrote up at length, intending it for the Editor of *Nature*. His trusty Airedale, Harborough by name, dissuaded him, however. "They'll be getting us on 'What's Your Line?' with the other mugs," Harborough pointed out with true canine sagacity.

Neck

LASHING out some years ago at Destiny, which at the time was entangling her in too many literary and artistic parties, our ever-admired Dorothy Parker expressed herself in a dainty piece of rhymed sockeroo called *Bohemia*, in which these lines occur:

Playwrights and poets and such horses' necks
Start off from anywhere, end up at Sex...

Recalling this, we were more than disappointed the other night by a TV drama in which a small boy stroking a (real) horse's neck practically stole the show. The author made no attempt to exploit the symbolism of this scene, which he had kept up his sleeve far too long anyway. Little Mrs. Parker would, we think, have made it a poignant allegory of Life—ardent Youth, let us say, trying fearlessly to make friends with Literature, in the shape of a P.E.N. Club horse, and getting badly mauled in the attempt. The play could end with an earnest discussion on Art and Life by leading horses at the Critics' Circle, ending suddenly in a panic-rush for the emergency stairs at the old cry "Popsy in the vestibule!"

Horses' necks—in the Parkeresque sense—remain at a steady 76 per cent, our spies in Bohemia report, but the approach to the standard topic (see above) has changed. To-day it is less aggressive than wistful, conveying a craving to understand the Mystery of Existence and a longing to be soothed and comforted. As a born mother we think the sneer on your faces perfectly delectable.

~~~~~ BRIGGS ~~~~~



—by Graham





Topham

## HOUNDS MET IN THE GROUNDS OF AN HISTORIC ENGLISH FORTRESS

THE West Kent Hounds met in the grounds of ancient Hever Castle, near Edenbridge, by kind permission of the owner, Col. the Hon. J. J. Astor. He is seen (above) on the drawbridge with the Master, Mr. A. Gaselee. The castle dates back to the time of Richard II., and has had a stirring history. Anne Boleyn was born at Hever, for the castle belonged to her father, Sir Thomas Boleyn, until Henry VIII. seized it after Anne's death



"... THE SOUND OF HIS HORN." H.R.H. Prince Charles puts his heart into an attempt at sounding the "Gone Away" when he was taken to a meet of the West Norfolk hounds at Harpley Dams by the Queen and the Queen Mother. The Royal party followed the hunt by car. The Master, Major Robert Hoare, is seen (right) enjoying the Prince's efforts to produce a note from this difficult instrument

## At The Races

# OUT FOR OUR BLOOD

IT is stated that the owner of Our Babu has been offered the equivalent of £50,000 by an American sportsman for this colt, who is pretty sure to start favourite for the Guineas, but about whose ability to get the Derby course there is some doubt. He is a very good-looker and would be worth all this money at the stud, perhaps even if he never won a race! The Americans seem to be very keen on the Blue Peter blood, and I think they are quite right, especially when it is coupled with some of the best staying blood in France, Tourbillon, for instance.

OF course, his pedigree is heavily sprinkled with the best in our Stud Book, and his distinguished ancestor Blue Peter would certainly have won the Leger, as well as his other successes, the Derby, etc., if the late Herr Hitler had not intervened at an inopportune moment. Even though Pointsman fell in the recent chase at Newbury and there was a very small

field, a good many people were impressed by the fluent manner in which the Queen Mother's M'as-Tu-Vu did his job over the three miles of that not very formidable course, and naturally hoped that it will prove the fore-runner to success in the Grand National, in which, I understand, it is now fairly certain that he will be allowed to take his chance. It is not always how high and how far a horse jumps that ensures safety, but how he does it, and, in this particular case, there is no fault to be found.

ALTHOUGH it would be very reckless to jump to any conclusion on a performance over a Park course, it is obvious that Her Majesty's candidate possesses at least two fundamental qualifications—high courage and the knowledge of how to "date" things correctly. These are very great assets for a race like the Grand National, in fact they are indispensable. His trainer, I understand, has no

doubt about this horse's capacity to stay the long journey.

News from my Melbourne scout says that first Cowdrey, and then Tyson, completely "won the hearts" of the highly expert audience, and one of it goes so far as to proclaim Cowdrey "No. 1 in the world." This, coming from such a pre-eminently knowledgeable source, is almost enough to turn any head, however tightly it may be screwed on! The "watered pitch" allegation seems to have caused a far greater rumpus in Australia than it did here, but if we had been beaten instead of winning quite comfortably, some of our more ebullient papers might have been almost as full of indiscretions as, apparently, were some of the Australian ones! Obviously they believe in very free speech!

THE general verdict in Melbourne appears to be that the people who let this "hare" loose ought to have been scragged, and this from an Aussie who, I gather, knows who let the cat out of the bag, is a very frank statement, and apparently they are very angry with this gossip.

It was exceedingly hot in Melbourne at that time, 98 degs. at midnight according to some reports. That is hot in any language, even Hindustani. I think 104 degs. at midnight on the edge of the Sind Desert is the highest India has arranged so far. In Melbourne the hottest wind, of course, comes from the north. Here we keep cold blasts on tap from all points of the compass! "Put me somewhere east of Suez"... and so forth.

—SABRETACHE





## A ROYAL WIN AT NEWBURY MEETING

**I**N spite of the fact that fog developed to an alarming degree, the Queen Mother's M'as-Tu-Vu ran a great race, finishing first by fifteen lengths in the Ogbourne Handicap. Right: M'as-Tu-Vu in the unsaddling enclosure with his rider R. Francis



*Major E. W. H. Worroll and Major and Mrs. E. K. L. Melville were among those spectators who braved the bad conditions*

*Left: Lady Mount and Mrs. Peter Wiggin who came to the meeting were well prepared against the prevailing cold and damp weather*

*Right: Mr. and Mrs. R. G. Lemon, who come from Winchester. The going, though soft, turned out to be much better than was expected*



*Left: Mrs. J. Denham and Mrs. J. Vowles were studying their cards at the paddock. The first day's racing had had to be postponed*

THE HORSE IN ACTION, by Henry Wynmalen and Michael Lyne (Burke ; 45s.), marks a new step forward in the artistic and scientific study of equestrian dynamics. In this picture artist Michael Lyne has delineated Trotters at Racing Speed



Book

Reviews

by

Elizabeth

Bowen

## The Blindfold King

To relate history—that is, to tell the story—is only part of the work of the historian. What we look for is not merely a series of events but their causes, outcome and, above all, meaning. It is always possible to place an arbitrary modern interpretation upon the past, or make it seem to illustrate some theory. But this may be, and too easily is, done at the cost of falsifying it. Surely it must be better when there is a showing of events in the light which they had in their own day—while, also, they are made clear to us in ours?

If we are to enter into the spirit of a time, we must know its conditions and way of life. We should be able to form at least some idea as to how like, and again how unlike, it was to our own. In that sense, not the slightest practical detail is irrelevant.

And it is by means of detail that C. V. Wedgwood builds up her picture (a living picture) of seventeenth-century Britain and Ireland in the impressive opening chapter of *THE KING'S PEACE* (Collins ; 25s.). This was the realm over which Charles I. reigned—and reigned, for years, in apparent sunshine. He believed himself to be "the happiest King in Christendom." And indeed, said as much, in June 1637, to his less fortunate nephew the Elector Palatine.

"*THE KING'S PEACE*" is the first volume of what is to be Miss Wedgwood's comprehensive study of the Great Rebellion. This opening, itself so well proportioned, makes us confident as to the architecture of the whole—its scale, its scope, its scrupulous balance. For in her account of these four years, 1637-41, Miss

Wedgwood brings us to the eve of the Civil War. She shows us a prosperous kingdom, a smiling surface; yet, nonetheless, four years more intensely critical than any one person living within them knew.

There was, as yet, no foregone conclusion; only by degrees did there emerge the issues which were to be at stake. The situation developing to crisis might yet have been saved. Miss Wedgwood's picture of Charles I. shows us a man by no means rushing headlong upon his own doom but, rather, advancing upon it by a series of slow, considered, dignified and misguided steps.

AUSTERE ideals, no less than shining illusions, motivated the unfortunate King.

His obstinacies, if sometimes petty, were often noble. His people, law-loving and for long content, neither envisaged nor desired "an upturning." Shyness, formality, unapproachability, made Charles less loved than he might have been: all the same, monarchy rated high. The King's sacerdotal idea of his own position need not, it seems, necessarily have led to conflict: what mattered more was, his inability to act upon sound advice (Strafford's), his readiness to be



Ex Libris  
Frank Stanley Service



Ex libris  
Douglas Service

### ON THE BEARING OF ARMS

HERALDRY is a subject that has to-day gained a new and unexpected momentum. But its study cannot be seriously pursued without handbooks, and of these a new work, *The Pageant of Heraldry*, by Col. H. C. B. Rogers, O.B.E. (Seeley Service ; 25s.), ranks among the best; finely produced and illustrated, and deeply learned. The illustrations here show the book-plates of a father, elder and younger son of the same family, in which the differences laid down by the heraldic law-givers are clearly defined





ill-advised, and, sometimes, his inability to act at all. In his blindnesses, his hesitations and his rashnesses, one sees what at this distance of time appears to be the inexorable workings of a fatality.

One only too simple, radical cause of trouble was, from the outset, shortness of money. Charles governed for years without the parliament which could have raised funds by constitutional means. What could have been reasonable levies came to be, only too soon, extortions; and worse, the hope of loans from abroad led the King into European entanglements which were not well seen.

HE was accounted lukewarm in his support of the Protestant cause abroad, and over-tolerant to Roman Catholics at home—the plight of his sister, Elizabeth of Bohemia, and her son the Elector Palatine (now living as refugees at the Dutch Court) was, it was considered, a reproach to him. Miss Wedgwood emphasises the immense part played by religion, in that day, in external affairs: it seems clear that the King's weakness in foreign policy (if, indeed, he had one at all) roused as much feeling against him as his blunders in government. To the greater part of Britain the Reformation, still so recent, remained a burning reality.

Would Archbishop Laud, the High Churchman, and Strafford, with his uncompromising vision and fearless will, have carried the day for Charles, but for Charles himself? These two indomitables were stronger than the King they served. The revolt of the Covenanters not only led to the King's ignominious wars against Scotland, it was quick to arouse an echo in England. And over the challenged, uneasy people hung the threat of the army raised by Strafford in Ireland—ready, one heard, to strike on the King's behalf. Could Charles, ultimately, have saved Strafford? The tragedy of the stern man's fall, as recounted here, is intensely moving. Miss Wedgwood says: "The wasted life of Strafford, more even than his wasted death, is a reproach to the memory of King Charles I."

ON a book of the magnitude of *The King's Peace*, your reviewer can offer but few remarks: it merits far more thorough discussion. Miss Wedgwood has the art, one might say genius, of bringing long-ago characters to life. Deep in her comprehension of the human enigma, she can also deal in small, smiling, intimate touches. . . . This Civil War period has, as a subject, for a long time suffered from over-popularity: fiction has loved it less wisely than well. One can hardly say it has been over-dramatised; for, as Miss Wedgwood shows us, it *was* dramatic—it has, more, been dramatised wrongly. Partisans still gather hotly to either side.

As Miss Wedgwood puts it: "The idealisation of certain figures in the Civil War has led, later, to exaggerated condemnations. . . . Human values can be fairly assessed only if an honest effort is made to understand the difficulties and prejudices of each of the people concerned." *The King's Peace* aids us in this direction.

The writing, beautiful in being clear, has, too, a grace and energy of its own. It is contemporary writing—yet, one is reminded that Miss Wedgwood's frequentation of the seventeenth century has comprehended, also, its literature. Her own style carries the imprint of a time when the English language was at its purest.

[Continued on page 266]



Clayton Evans

AUDREYERSKINE LINDOPP is a young novelist who has shown that she can tackle difficult subjects with both intelligence and compassion, and her previous book, *The Singer Not the Song*, was a Book Society choice. An earlier novel, *The Tall Headlines*, dealt with the family of a man hanged for murder. In *Details of Jeremy Stratton*, to be published this month by Heinemann, she writes courageously of an equally challenging subject.

# CASUAL CHIC

A PLAIN, good-looking dress in black worsted wool with three-quarter length sleeves and a side-pleated skirt that has straight panels down the front and back. This is a dress that is all line and no trimming, a perfect background for jewels. It is also made in grey and costs £6 19s. 6d.







This little swathed hat in peacock blue silk jersey with two ornaments of iridescent shells comes from Debenham's Inexpensive Millinery department and costs 5 gns.

**H**ERE is a coat for the spring and for the cold summer days—light, casual, enormously smart. Made by Bickler in a black and white flecked brushed wool, it is collarless, double breasted, edged with black braid—a square, chunky, Chesterfield of a coat, full of good looks and character. Priced at 14 gns., it comes from Debenham & Freebody's Twenty Budget Shop where we also found the black wool dress worn under it



A CHOICE FOR THE WEEK by Mariel Deans

Armstrong Jones.

# EVENING WOOLLENS

*High-fashion warmth  
from England and Italy*



Typical of the strong competition put up by British fashion houses to the Italian bid for pre-eminence in woollens. A cobweb-fine dress made of natural coloured wool worked in a lacy pattern and worn with a gold kid belt. It comes from Woman's Home Industries, Sloane Street



The essence of cosiness. An English short-sleeved cherry-red sweater from Debenham & Freebody that has its own amusingly woven, bobble-trimmed stole. With it is worn a flaring skirt which comes in several colours from Debenham's skirt department



## FOR GLAMOUR

**K**NITTED woollies are no longer confined to the country or to prosaic daytime wear. Fashion-conscious, cosmopolitan, drenched in sophistication, they now invade the afternoon and evening scene. Our model for these garments is Mary Drage, a young soloist with the Sadler's Wells ballet, photographed in the Belgravia home of David Hicks, the interior decorator

MARIEL DEANS



Michael Dunne

An Italian evening sweater in pure white wool covered with soutache and pearl embroidery. The wide shoulder straps are made of bands of ribbing which go right round beneath the arm. The sweater is stocked by Harvey Nichols of Knightsbridge

An Italian lace-worked V-necked sweater with a pretty patterned yoke and finely tucked skirt which ends in a flounce. Both are made in a deep royal blue and beautifully finished, as are all Mirsa garments. They can be bought in London from Edieme, Conduit Street, W.1



Brenner's loose coat with casual roll collar has tapered-at-wrist sleeves which may be worn pushed-up. It is made in pale coffee and cream smooth handling tweed. It has a matching skirt with stiffened self-belt slotted through the waistband



This casual coat in heavily warp-slubbed Haddington tweed has a generously draped sleeve. It is made in grey, gold and blue—highlighted in white

*Handwoven wool for a dress,  
a suit in Irish worsted and—*

**T**HREE **T**OPS IN **T**WEED





Here is a casual overcoat by "Country Life" that seems to us very nearly perfect as coats go. With its generous collar, low waist and wide set in draped sleeve it combines simplicity with smartness. Harvey Nichols of Knightsbridge are the stockists



Above: Rondo, a dress in handwoven wool. The fabric of the bodice is in royal blue and black and is woven in one piece with the tan and black skirt, the two being linked by a band of black bouclé

Below: Newbury, a three-piece in blue-toned Irish worsted. The over-check cardigan jacket is darted at the waist. Dogtooth worsted is used for skirt and top coat, bordered and pocketed with overcheck material



HERE are three tweed overcoats which show this versatile material graduating from full town to full country style via a double-occasion model. On the right are two designs by Irene Gilbert of Dublin, who showed a collection in London for the first time last month. These softly elegant and feminine clothes included many handwoven fabrics, and Irish tweeds and worsteds, used with great imagination

## *Accessories against the fact of a leaden day*

*COME* wind, come rain,  
Elegance prevails. With  
such beautiful accessories as  
these you can brave the  
dreariest day, and call the  
bluff of threatening weather  
— JEAN CLELAND



A black antelope handbag, subtly shaped and of original, telling detail. Its price is £18 18s., and it can be had from Harvey Nichols, Knightsbridge



A sister pochette to the above. Graceful, and soft as silk, it also is made of black antelope. Harvey Nichols, £18 18s.

Never mind the drizzle if it provides an opportunity to walk out with one of these slim, reticently decorative umbrellas. With handle of morocco and crystal, £3 5s. 6d.; horn, £5 12s. 6d.; gold and amber, £3 3s.; Covers, 10s. 6d. and 12s. 6d. each. From Woollands







This calf hand-bag is, of its nature, rather more severely styled than those on the opposite page, but it is equally attractive and eye-catching. This, too, is eighteen guineas, from Harvey Nichols

A new idea, very conducive to woman-about-town chic, is this matching bag and cravat in broadtail. Fortnum & Mason have it, priced at £24 11s. 6d.



Dennis Smith

## Shopping List

### The fabrics bloom again

AN exhibition given by Turnbull and Stockdale, to show off their latest fabrics, was for me a bitter-sweet pleasure. As I walked round filled with admiration for the lovely designs and colours—some of which are illustrated below—discontent with regard to my own curtains and covers at home mounted within me. Indeed, it was all I could do to restrain a wild impulse to order sufficient material to refurbish the entire house.

Those who are fortunate enough to be embarking on so pleasant a project would do well to have a look at these beautiful prints, wovens, chintzes and damasks, all of which are striking, and highly original in style. The new feeling, so

I understand, is moving away from the abstracts and geometricals, and concentrating on a more decorative style. Particularly outstanding are some of the floral patterns, with lilies of the valley, roses, leaves and trees.

The "bays" in which the fabrics are hung are to be a permanent feature of the Turnbull and Stockdale showrooms, at Kent House, Market Place, W.1, and will be open to the public from now onwards.

WELL worth looking at, too, are some candlewick bedspreads at Selfridges. These can be had in fifty-three colours, in many varied designs, to fit any bed. If

desired, Selfridges will make them up to the customer's own design (throw-over or fitted), and to the required size.

Since they do not crush—a valuable point—these bedspreads can be kept on the bed at night, and, as they are both light and warm, this is proving a popular idea. The cost of the spreads is from 84s. each, and curtains can be had to match.

★ ★ ★

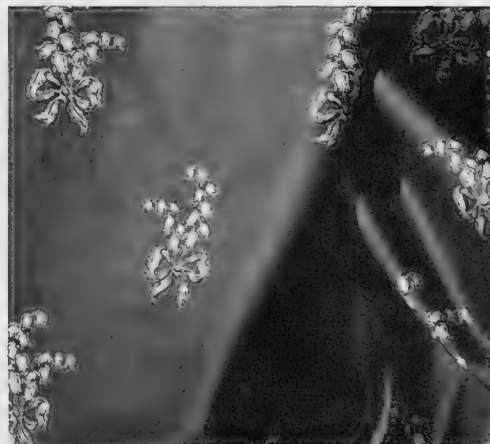
FROM the decorative to the utilitarian. I have found a mixing bowl so easy to handle that it makes me actually want to make a cake—which is saying something. It is made of plastic, and it's strong, yet so light that it is only about a fifth the weight of an ordinary mixing bowl.

In addition to this, it has a lip for pouring, and a flange for holding, which makes it easy to handle, without getting one's thumb into the mixture.

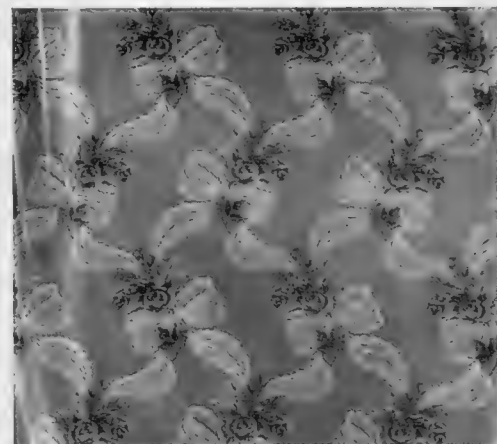
Called the "Easy Handy" it holds 2½ quarts, and the price is 4s. 11d. from most good stores.



Black and white cow parsley design on sage green ovals, with sharp citron background. Machine printed cretonne, 50 in. wide. Cost, about 14s. 6d. yd.



Pale mulberry cubaleen, machine printed with sprigs of lily of the valley and pale yellow knot. The width is 36 in. and the price about 14s. 6d. yd.



Rosebuds tied with frothy white bows on pink lilac background, for an essentially feminine room. Machine printed everglaze, 36 in. Approx. 11s. 9d. yd.

## Beauty

## Planing-down the figure

Jean Cleland

**E**VEN the life of a hard-worked beauty writer has its brighter side. One of my more amusing moments last week came when I overheard the parting words of a client as she was leaving one of the beauty salons. "Yes," she said, "it's shaping beautifully. Just a little more off next time and it will be splendid."

A little more off what? A dress? A coat? A hat? Not at all. The lady, I learned, was referring to her figure, which was in the process of being re-shaped. In other words, she was being made to measure by a simple, healthy and scientific method which was obviously having a gratifying effect.

While in the salon—Helena Rubinstein's in Grafton Street—I went thoroughly into the question of this method and, impressed with what I heard, decided to make it the next in the list of treatments which I am describing to you week by week.

**A**t this time of year, with the latest fashions well in the news, the question of slimming crops up with maddening insistence. If you are hoping for a reprieve this season, you are unlucky. The collections show that the trend is still for slender lines. Curves and bulges are *not* in the picture.

If you want to wear the latest clothes to advantage, you must get rid of the extra inches



and trim your figure accordingly. That many women are in the process of doing just this is proved by the way in which the Rubinstein Slimming Courses are being quickly booked up. An interesting point about them is that the treatment concentrates not only on the whole body, but, if necessary, on any particular part that is in need of reducing. The procedure is as follows:

First, from thirty-five to forty minutes in an electric blanket to sweat out the acids. The blanket is specially prepared to the order of Helena Rubinstein and the heat gently increases. Although it becomes quite intensive, it is never uncomfortable. Next, deep Swedish massage to break down the fatty tissues. This is done under a radiant heat lamp, which helps to soften the cellulite fat (hard fat) and thus speed up the slimming process. Massage is followed by a needle spray shower for general stimulation and toning up.

Those who have no need to slim the "altogether," and are concerned only with the "odd spots," such as thighs, ankles, hips, etc., can have these effectively reduced by means of deep massage, followed by electrical vibro.

**D**IET being—alas!—a necessary part of any slimming treatment, clients are given a special chart which they are advised to follow. This is by no means stringent, but is scientifically sound and allows for adequate meals for the maintenance of health while concentrating on cutting down on such fattening items as starch, fats and sugar. Those who are considerably overweight are advised to go on a liquid diet for one day a week, or one day a month, according to their needs. This neutralizes excess acidity, and gives the body a fresh start.

The "liquid" day is pleasantly varied with juices to include health-giving vitamins: orange and lemon juice mixed, vegetable juice, tomato juice, grapefruit juice and buttermilk or yoghurt.

**W**HERE deemed advantageous, special quick-slimming exercises are advised, and here is one which you can test out at home. It is specially recommended for toning the muscles of the abdomen and for tightening up any flabbiness:

1. Lie on back with hands by sides.
2. Slowly lift up both feet together, and slowly lift up legs above the head.
3. Very slowly let them down again until the heels touch their former position very gently.

This exercise is to be repeated twenty times initially, increasing up to fifty times a day.

An added advantage of the Helena Rubinstein slimming treatment, as given in her Grafton Street salon, is that if the face is tending to look a little drawn—which is something that sometimes happens when one is reducing—it can be taken care of by means of a facial, done by an expert in one of the other cubicles.



The second stage in slimming: deep massage being given to a client under a radiant heat lamp at Helena Rubinstein's salon





## MANSION HOUSE: FASHION CENTRE

LADY PAMELA BERRY, President of the Incorporated Society of London Fashion Designers, gave a "fashion party" at the Mansion House for the first time in history, by permission of the Lord Mayor, Ald. Sir Seymour Howard. On the left, Miss Bronwyn Pugh, the TV announcer, wearing a midnight blue guipure lace cocktail dress, is with Charles Creed who designed it, and on the right Miss Barbara Murray, the actress, is having a cocktail with her husband. She wears Ronald Pateron's éclair-brown silk taffeta cocktail dress with a Mexican shirt jacket



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## THEY ARE ENGAGED



Lenar.

Miss Igrayne Anne Peard, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. J. Peard, of North Curry, Taunton, Somerset, is engaged to Mr. Robert John McNeile, eldest son of Mr. J. H. and Lady Katharine McNeile, of Nonsuch, Bromham, Chippenham, Wilts



Fayer

Miss Mariegold Winifred Arnott, elder daughter of Major and Mrs. T. J. Arnott, of Poole Keynes House, Cirencester, Glos, is to marry Mr. David Miller, the Queen's Bays, son of Mr. L. R. and Lady Patricia Miller, of Georgestown, Co. Waterford



Havill

The Hon. Crystal Russell, younger daughter of Lord Russell of Liverpool and of Lady Jessel, of Ladham House, Goudhurst, Kent, is engaged to marry Mr. John Mark Essington-Boulton, son of Major and Mrs. C. Essington-Boulton, of Turvey, Bedfordshire

## THEY WERE MARRIED



**Phipps—Pleydell-Bouverie.** Mr. H. B. Phipps, son of Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Phipps, of Westbury, Long Island, New York, U.S.A., married Lady Phoebe Pleydell-Bouverie, daughter of the Earl of Radnor, of Longford Castle, Salisbury, and of Mrs. M. W. W. Selby-Lowndes, at St. Mary's Alderbury, Salisbury



**Bethune—Hayes.** Sir Alexander Bethune, son of the late Sir Alexander and Lady Bethune, of Fife, married Miss Ruth Mary Hayes, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Hayes, of Marden House, East Harting, Sussex, at Christ Church, Victoria Road, Kensington



**Scott—Floyd.** Mr. R. J. Scott, son of Col. and Mrs. Jervoise Scott, of Rotherfield Park, Alton, Hants, married Miss Julia M. Floyd, daughter of Brig. Sir Henry and the Hon. Lady Floyd, of Cheersley Hill House, Aylesbury, at St. Margaret's, Westminster

**Booth—Guinness.** Mr. John Brabazon Booth, son of Lt.-Col. and Mrs. E. B. Booth, of Darver Castle, Dundalk, Co. Louth, married Miss Meryl S. Guinness, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. Guinness, Lodge Park, Straffan, at Celbridge, Co. Kildare, Eire







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# Horrockses



FIELD-MARSHAL Viscount Montgomery has recently taken delivery of a Daimler "Conquest Century" saloon, and is here standing by the gleaming bonnet and radiator of this handsome and comfortable car



## Motoring

# Tests that mislead

DRIVING tests, like all other examinations, have one serious defect; they are unable to distinguish between good drivers and bad. Their sole purpose, indeed, is to give a great deal more work to driving schools and official examiners than they can reasonably be expected to perform. I do not believe that the driving test has improved safety more than 0.0001 per cent. Safe driving is today, as it has always been, the outcome of a combination of manipulative skill, visual judgment and road experience, and there is plenty of evidence that some people without any of these things pass the test easily while others with all of them fail.

NO dispensation in the test makes room for those who find it difficult to memorize the provisions of the Highway Code, yet who are natural drivers; and those who find it easy to memorize written matter but who will never learn to drive. It has lately been said that the number of examiners is inadequate to deal with the number of applicants for licences. This looks suspiciously like a move to augment the official structure and further mulct the taxpayer without giving anything in return.

We may expect during the next few months a campaign for more examiners and more officials of other kinds, all engaged on testing the ordinary citizen and his motoring equipment. It is a pity, as I have frequently said before, that the Ministry of Transport and Civil Aviation does not spend a couple of days in defining its objectives and laying down first principles. Its efforts to increase the number of regulations and of officials would then be looked upon with a more benevolent eye.

THOSE seeking an understudy for Madam Kasuma at the fair may now make their applications to me. For my predictions about the results of the Monte Carlo Rally, written weeks before the event, proved to be correct. Sunbeam is the name at the top of the list and Panhard is not far behind it. I believe it is the first time that the two important awards—the Prince Rainier Cup and the Coupe des Dames—have been won outright by the same make of car.

Captain Per Malling and Mr. Gunnar Fadum were twenty-five points ahead of their nearest competitor for the Rainier Cup and they also won the Viking Challenge Cup presented by the Norwegian Rally Drivers'

Club to the competitor obtaining the best results starting from Oslo. In the Coupe des Dames Miss Sheila Van Damm with Mrs. A. Hall and Mrs. F. Clarke were competing for the third time together.

The achievement of MM Gillard and Dugart in the Dyna Panhard was no less interesting than the English successes in its different way, for this motor-car attracted a great deal of attention at the Earls Court show the year before last. It emphasizes the originality of the Panhard Company's engineering achievements. An extremely small, air-cooled engine is called upon to do the work more often done by an engine of two or three times the capacity, liquid-cooled and of greater complication.

IT is indeed pleasant to see a historic name like Panhard so noticeably and so frequently in the picture in competition work, and there is all the more reason to express the hope that there will in the future be improved facilities for the sale of French motor-cars in the United Kingdom.

The French have for many years been developing small engines, and experimenting in a manner designed to indicate just how small a power unit may be to carry a full load of four or five passengers at reasonable speed when all modern engineering knowledge is employed.

MY enthusiasm for the diesel engine is well known, so it is with regret that I hear that the German Borgward company has stopped making its 1800 diesel-engined car. The company has the Isabella which appears to be a sound piece of work, and a somewhat larger model with automatic transmission; but these are examples of "just another motor-car" whereas the diesel was something special. I am hoping to hear from the company about their future plans, but at the moment the Standard and the Mercedes diesel cars seem to be the only ones readily available in this country.

I have heard it said that the diesel's struggle for popularity in Britain is made more difficult by the formalities which the law imposes upon the owners of diesel cars. For instance it is compulsory to keep a journey log and to obtain a receipt for all fuel bought. These are the requirements of the Customs and Excise department and they admittedly are a nuisance. Nor is there the slightest need for them. However, I have managed to comply with them for a year without finding the task impossibly irksome, so I do not think that they have any large influence upon the sales of diesel-engined cars.

—Oliver Stewart







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## Book Reviews [Continuing from page 250]

### Things that are not what they seem

THE SPOOR OF SPOOKS (Michael Joseph, 15s.) is a bracing book by a master-debunker, Bergen Evans—author of *The Natural History Of Nonsense*. One's cherished beliefs go down like ninepins. What would life be without love, it has been asked—after some pages of Dr. Evans one asks oneself, not without trepidation, what life may be like without a certain amount of tosh. For most of us, one must face it, have bedded down cosily with some fixed ideas, pleasing myths, or innocent superstitions which bear little relation to reality. This author ruthlessly spring-cleans our mental attics.

The occult, for example, must face a bleak Monday morning. But though *The Spoor Of Spooks*, as its title indicates, begins by polishing off the ghosts, we no less fatally move on to other targets. Extra-sensory perception (dearer, maybe, to America than to us) comes in for a remarkably thin time. The "Some Homely Fallacies" chapter is a shocker. Romantic illusions and old wives' tales surrounding love, marriage, pre-natal influences and the laws of heredity wither at Dr. Evans's touch. As



Duncan Meleir

KENNETH ROWELL, the young Australian stage designer, has his first London exhibition opening on February 16, at Rowland Browne and Delbanco. He made a great success with his designs for his production of *The Taming Of The Shrew* at the Old Vic.

against that, he disposes of a number of fears which originated in superstitions, and deflates some of the nightmare rumours which have power over our anxious day. His motives are, I should say, on the whole benevolent.

The past—or, more, our idea of it—comes in for a drastic overhaul. There is, it seems, something distinctly fishy about the Black

Hole of Calcutta story. From famous or infamous characters in history (such as Nero) myths are stripped—not always to the character's detriment. Not least shaking is it, perhaps, to find that some of the world's famous sayings either were actually never said, or were said by those to whom we do not attribute them. "Superman" legends, also, fail to survive the probe. Crime, dope-rings and the dope habit are investigated in such a way as might send the "sensation" press out of business.

Salutary sense is talked in the chapter "The Law Is Not Wholly An Ass." Dr. Bergen Evans, as I hope I make clear, is far from being an enemy of humanity: only one thing is he up against, and that's bunk. His motoring chapter, "Auto-intoxication," merits particular attention. For title-value, give me "The Moan Of Hormones." *The Spoor Of Spooks* should pass across every home.

★ ★ ★

STONE COLD DEAD IN THE MARKET, by Christopher Landon (Heinemann, 10s. 6d.), is a sympathetic and lively mystery story. But I think its major claim to attention is that it takes the reader inside the Stock Exchange. All the first half, which takes place inside "the House," is gripping—and, I imagine, lifelike. Boys, Mr. Landon shows us, will be boys. I think this story could have carried itself (that is to say, almost) without a murder; though the demise of beastly Mr. Greezley certainly is spectacular enough. . . . Pleasant as a trip to the sea is, I was sorry to leave the Stock Exchange for Cornwall.

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Thompson: "OH, I THOUGHT YOU SAID 'THANKS'!"

[Thompson thereupon installed himself within the first-class compartment so lately vacated by the ill-graced Young Miss. Fortunately, the delight engendered from his Three Castles cigarette—that cigarette without peer—did much to restore a better humour toward the Fairer Sex.]

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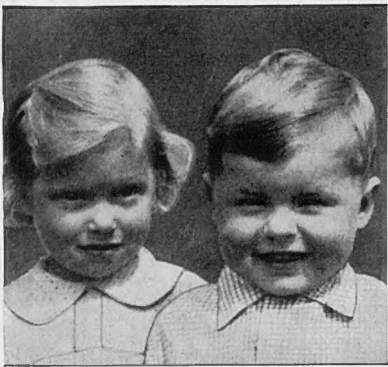
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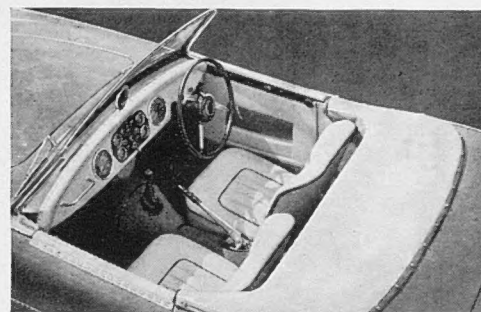
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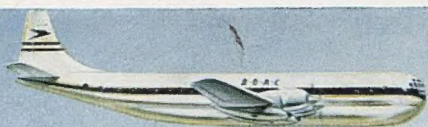
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